

# The Daily Mirror

No. 399.

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as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## THE NELSON TEA BUBBLE—HOW IT WAS BOOMED.

**NELSON'S**

*Please Hand this Wrapper to your Friends.*

Cannot stay to talk until these  
Acques are parted. The widows  
are expecting him and must not  
be disappointed.

NELSON & CO., LTD., LOUTH.

What do you  
say? England expects that  
every woman this day will do  
her duty and purchase  
NELSON'S TEA

1 lb. including wrapper

I hope to live  
to an old age,  
but if not, it  
doesn't matter to  
remember that  
you will receive  
a pension of  
10/- a week from  
NELSON'S

Thanks for sympathy, my  
loss is very great but I have  
one comfort. NELSON'S  
pension helps to provide for the  
children.

OVER  
£600,000  
SECURITIES

**A Happy Old Age**

**Our Pensioners**

**Nelson & Co. Ltd.**  
THE PENSION  
TEA MEN  
The Town Hall, 32, 34 & 35  
CITY RD LONDON

Every wise wife should start her married life well by at once  
Purchasing NELSON'S PENSION TEA

There's Comfort in a Cup of  
NELSON'S TEA and  
a Pension in the Pardon.

Nineteen thousand widows bought Nelson tea under the promise that they would get pensions. The company has collapsed, and many of them are in the workhouse. These pictures were used as advertisements to sell the tea.



## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**DALY'S THEATRE**—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled *THE GINGALEE MATINEE* EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE**. Mr. TREE. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. Shakespeare's Comedy, *MUCH ABOUT NOTHING*. (Benefitted by Mr. TREE.) Beatrice.....Mr. TREE. BY ARRANGEMENT WITH Messrs. Harrison and Maude. *MATINEE* EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.15. Box-offices (Mr. Watts), open 10 to 10.

**IMPERIAL**. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. *NO HENRY THE FIFTH*. *MATINEE* EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.15.

**ST. JAMES'S**—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Solo Lessee and Manager. TO-DAY, 2.45, and TO-NIGHT, at 9 sharp, Oscar Wilde's *LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN*. LAST NIGHT.

Final Performance, *TO-NIGHT* (Saturday). At 2.15 and 8.30, A *MAKER OF MEN*, by Alfred Stieglitz. *LAST MATINEE* (both plays) TO-DAY (Sat.), at 2.15.

**ST. JAMES'S**. Mollentrave on Women, a New Comedy, by Alfred Stieglitz, will be produced on MONDAY EVENING NEXT Feb. 15, at 9 o'clock punctually. Preceded at 8.30 by A *MAKER OF MEN*, by Alfred Stieglitz. Seats can now be booked. —ST. JAMES'S.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. **KENNINGTON THEATRE**, S.E.—Tel. 1,006. Hop, Mr. William Greet's Co. *THE EARL* and *THE GIRL*. TO-NIGHT 7.45. Next week, CHARLEY'S AUNT. Comedy Theatre Co., including Mr. BRANDON THOMAS.

**CRONIN THEATRE**, W.—Tel. 1,273. KENS. TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. TO-DAY 2.30, the brilliant Haymarket Comedy, *JOSEPH ENTHALLENED*. Next week, Mr. CHAS. FROHMAN presents *THE DUKE OF KILL-DRANKIE*.

**CAMDEN THEATRE**, N.W.—Tel. 328. KENS. TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. TO-DAY 2.30, *THE REBELLION*. In the SWISS. Next week, Mr. MARTIN HARVEY's full West End Co.

**FULHAM THEATRE**, S.W.—Tel. 376. KENS. The Doyler Carte Opera Company. TO-NIGHT at 8. *MIKADO*. Next week the New Musical Play, *PIGGY*. MACHREE, including DENIS O'BULLIVAN and MISS MARRIE DAINTON.

**CROWN THEATRE**, Peckham.—Tel. 412. Hop. TO-NIGHT at 7.30, for two weeks. *MATINEES* WED. and SAT. at 2. The enormously successful *Pantomime*, *ALADDIN*. Powerful cast, including MISS SEMITA MARSDEN and Mr. HARRY TATE.

**COLISEUM**. FOUR Performances, EVERY EVENING. CHARING CROSS. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES.

**COLISEUM**. Electrical. Revolving Stage. Auditorium Changers. Doors open one hour before each performance. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany postal applications for seats. Tel., "Coliseum, London." Telephone, 7541 Gerrard.

**COLISEUM**. Boxes, £2 2s. and £1 1s. Frequent Change of Programmes. All may be booked in advance. Managing Director: OSWALD STOLL.

**THE LYCEUM**, Strand. "DAILY MIRROR" WEEK. TWICE NIGHTLY, at 7.0 and 2.15. *MATINEES* WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.0.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, supported by Miss CAMILLIE CLIFFORD and the eight Gibson Girls, from the Vaudeville Theatre by kind permission of Messrs. Charles Frohman and A. and S. Gatti.

At the Matinee, at 2.0 and First House, at 7.50. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-DAY, at 2.0. MR. JAMES WELCH will appear at the Second House.

Selection from *IL TROVATORE* by THE LYCEUM OPERATIC COMPANY. Al. Lawrence, Richard Troup, The Octavian, Edward F. Reynard, Altimont, Walton and Miss Ella, Thos. E. Finglas, Norman French, Altimont, Dep. time, The Honey Moon, Browning and Wally, Stage's Motor-Sensation.

Box Office open 10 to 10. Telephone 7,618, Gerrard. Prices, 6d. to 2s. children half-price to all parts, all performance. THOMAS BARRASFOED, Managing Director.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**. TO-DAY. MARRIAGE OF KITTY, 3.0 and 8.0. REOPENING OF THE GREAT ASPHALTE ROLLER SKATING RINK, at 3.30.

*Pianoforte and Song Recital*, at 3.30, by MADAME CARRENO. MISS ADA CROSSLEY. Reserved seats, 4s. and 2s.; unreserved, 1s. 4s.; reserved seats, 2s.; unreserved, 1s. Military Band, and numerous other attractions.

**ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS**, "HENGELER'S." AT OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. To-day, at 2 and 8. 2s.; children half-price. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel., 4138 Ger.

**QUEEN'S HALL**, W. TO-NIGHT (Saturday), at 7.45 p.m. GRAND POULTRY ENTERTAINMENT. BIG OPENING NIGHT PROGRAMME (Greatest Series).

Artists—Clementine de Vere, Alice Gomez, Anderson Nicol, J. H. Scotland, Reckless, Ernest Bennett, Land-Bell, Soles, Harry Tipper, Humorists, Barclay Gammon, Fred Frimpton; Humorous Ventriologist, Arthur Prince. Reserved seats, 1s. 6d., 2s., 6d.; only obtainable 300 Regent-street. Admission, 5s. 10s.

**THE CHARING CROSS BANK**. Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2. Assets, £254,403. Liabilities, £372,291. Surplus, £232,112. 25s. per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits at 410 or upwards received as under: Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 4 p.c. per annum.

Specie 10 p.c. for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus. A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

**£5 Per Week** earned by Advertisement Writers. You can learn quickly, and we help you to a position. Illus' Prospectus Free. **PAGE-DAVIS** ADVERTISING SCHOOL, 109, 111, GERRARD ST. E.

## BIRTHS.

**BEEBE**—On the 9th inst., at "Staneth," Palace-road, Tulse Hill-park, the wife of Stanley J. G. Beebe, of a son.

**VENABLES**—On the 9th inst., at 74, Oakley-street, Chelsea, the wife of W. A. Venables, of a son.

**WEBLEY**—On February 6, at 22, Queenswood-road, Forest Hill, to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Webley—a daughter (Madeline Hyacinthe).

## MARRIAGES.

**TWITTES-GIBBS**—On the 7th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Bedford, John Hubert Twittes, of Sutton, Surrey, to Eleanor, daughter of H. W. Gibbs, Esq., of Bedford.

**WILLIAMS-JACKSON**—On February 9, at Christ Church, Fenchurch Green, Bury Alfred Williams to Ethel Maud, youngest daughter of W. Jackson, 37, Arlington-garden, Gunnersbury.

## DEATHS.

**AUSTEN SMITH**—On February 8, at 5, Warwick-garden, Kensington, Mary Louisa, widow of the late Horatio Austen Smith, of Crabwood, near Southampton, in her 75th year.

**BOYD**—On February 9, at his residence, 35, Cleveland-square, Hyde Park, W., Edward James Boyd, aged 56.

**BROWN**—On February 8, at 2 p.m., quite peacefully. Chas. W. Brown, of 402, Camden-road, N., aged 56. No flowers.

**CRAMER**—On February 9, at 14, Marlborough-road, Kensington, in her 57th year, Minna Cornelia Cramer, widow of the late Bernard Cramer, formerly of Fernside, Nightingall-lane, S.W. R.I.P.

**SWAN & EDGAR**  
REGENT ST. & PICCADILLY

**3 GREAT BARGAINS**

"MACHREE."  
Very smart box-pleated Costume, with Shirt Bodice. In black and navy serges, coloured venetian and black and white shepherd checks, also fancy plaids. Costume completor, Skirt unlined, 3/6. Skirt only, unlined, 18/9. Costume complete, Skirt lined Silk, 42/6. Skirt only, lined silk, 31/6. For 21 orders.

Useful hard-wear Togue, in Tuscany straw, with strappings of tressed straw and soft satin bow at side. Also, in Tuscany with Red, Navy, and other shades, or self colours. Price 11/9.

Smart Hat. 11/9.

Post 4d.

Made to Measure Skirt only 3/6. Costume 6/6.

Cash Returned if not Approved.

No. 4. Tourist, 14/9 (100 only).

**THE Smartest Walking SKIRT in London. 100 Only.**

Plated, in Black, Navy, and all Colours. Tweeds or Venetian Cloths, lined Linenette.

**SPECIAL PRICE 14/9 POST 5d.**

Usual price 25/6.

Stock Size only. Bust 36 in. Waist 24 in. Skirt 42 in., to measure. Prices above.

## PERSONAL.

**HAM**—Find another way. Tom objects—SHEM. **DEARST**—Do write and tell me all. Have heard nothing. Longing to see you—ASCOT.

**GARNETT**—Lovebird and mother miserable. Consequences serious. Write me—BEASANT. **LANCET**—Give me some hope. Time will prove.

**MISSING**—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the *Over-Sea-Sail Mail*, which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. 8s. 6d. per copy and 7s. 6d. per application to Advertiser's Department, "Over-Sea-Sail Mail," 3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

\* \* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after. Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-lane, London.

## PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

**A BEEDEEN** Terriers; pups, 2s.; adults 3, 4, 5s. Major Richardson, Carnoustie, Scotland.

**POSITIVELY** free on receipt of address—Largest Canary price list in existence, with valuable information to those who purchase; don't purchase another bird until you have seen same; it will pay and instruct you—W. Rudd, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

## BUSINESSES FOR SALE &amp; WANTED.

**BUSINESSES** of every description for disposal.—Soppet's, 62, Cheshire-lane, London. Established as valuers 35 years.

**GROCERY** and Provisions; takings £60 per week; rent £20 per annum, on lease; price of goodwill, fixtures, etc., £275; stock at valuation.—Apply Trustees, care of Hodgkins, 18-19, Ironmonger-lane, E.C.

## COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

**OLEVE HALL**, although only opened last March, has sprung into public favour at once by its beautiful sounds, providing all kinds of outdoor games and exercise; wonderful air; lofty reception, smoke, and billiard rooms; grand winter lounge; ping-pong room; liberal catering; splendid train service, 10 minutes London Bridge, London, Victoria.—Write for illustrated prospectus and most moderate terms. Managers, Cleve Hall, Champion-hill, Denmark Hill, London.

## MARKETING BY POST.

**BOX "Original Ormskirk" Gingerbread**, 1s. 3d.; "Special B" Cake "for afternoon tea, 1s. 3d.—Mawley, Confectioner, Ormskirk.

**FISH**; fresh; cut. 2s. 9lb. 2s. 6d.; 11lb. 3s. 6d.; 21lb. 5s.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking; quick delivery; choicest selection; write for free particulars; principals of schools, institutions, etc., should note; cured fish finest quality—Ritz Fish Co., Grimsby. (Quote Paper).

**FISH**, fresh and cured, direct from the fishing boats to the consumer: 6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s. 6d.; 3s. 14lb. 2s. 6d.; 21lb. 5s.; carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; splendid assortment and value cured fish, etc.; public institutions and schools supplied.—Faulkner, and price list free, Standard Fish Company, Grimsby.

**FISH**; fresh caught; assorted, or one kind; 4lb. 1s. 6d.; 6lb. 2s.; 9lb. 2s. 6d.; 12lb. and upwards 3s. per lb.; carefully cleaned; carriage paid; price lists free; trade supplied.—Rock Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.

**TO-DAY.**

—NOW—is not one moment too soon to see what H. SAMUEL can save you on ordinary retail prices. Not a moment too soon to write for his

**GREAT FREE BARGAIN GUIDE**, the MONEY-SAVING VOLUME from which thousands every year buy their Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Cutlery, Plate, Silverware, and suchlike articles.

**H. SAMUEL'S**  
Low Postal Prices Save Middle Profits, and Make the money spent go twice as far. Among the bargains are such offers as these:—  
Gent's Real Gold Watches, 30/-; Real Solid Silver Alberts, 3/6; Gold Brooches, 3/6; Dinner Cruets, 4/6; Clocks, 1/-.  
Post free and carefully packed. ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.  
BUT WRITE FOR THE FREE BOOK TO-DAY AND SEE THE BARGAINS!  
**H. SAMUEL, No. 83, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.**  
London Addresses: 82, Regent Street, W.; 178, Strand, W.C.; 92, Oxford Street, W.

**OVERCOATS 12/11**  
15/11, 20/-, 24/6, 30/-, To Measure.

**DON'T PAY TWICE**  
or three times as much as it is necessary for you to pay for your clothes.

**BUSINESS SUITS. 12/11**  
15/11, 20/-, 24/6, 30/-, To Measure.

**LOUNGE SUITS. 12/11**  
15/11, 20/-, 24/6, 30/-, To Measure.

**HOLIDAY SUITS. 12/11**  
15/11, 20/-, 24/6, 30/-, To Measure.

**HARRINGTONS**  
(Dept. 1), SKIPTON, YORKS.

We supply you direct, not the man who supplies your tailor. That's the secret of our exceedingly Low Prices.

We deal with the wool from the time it is taken from the sheep's back until the garment is complete on our own premises.

A Post Card sent to-day will bring our Patent Self-Measurement Chart and Patterns by return.

**WRITE TO-DAY for our PATTERNS.**

**ZODIAC RING.**  
Solid Gold, Hall-marked, 9 carat gold, 34.18 carat gold, 654. ALL SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC illustrated, copyright, showing "Synchro" Gold (iron) dedicated to the month YOU were born, sent free. Ring engraved with crest or monogram same price.

**LEO (The Lion)**  
J. N. MASTERS, Ltd., 375, Horse Street, RYE, Sussex.

**Wanted 500,000 Persons AT ONCE** To read our NEW ILLUSTRATED GARDEN SEED CATALOGUE for 1905.

It contains useful cultural hints and a list of all the best Vegetable and Flower Seeds, and Seed Potatoes; also particulars of valuable Money Prizes and Medals offered for open Competition.

May we send you one? POST FREE to all upon application. (Kindly mention this Paper.)

**FIDLER & SONS,**  
Practical Seedsmen, READING.

Help!

Fels-Naptha is the greatest help that has come to woman since soap itself.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC



## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BATTLE-CRY.

"Vote for the Colonial Conference" the Coming  
Catchword.

### PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Preparations for the Meeting of  
Parliament and the General  
Election.

The *Daily Mirror* is in a position to make an announcement of great moment with regard to the line of policy likely to be adopted by the Tariff-Reform Party at the next election.

It has been recognised for several months past that the country is not yet ripe for a fundamental change in our fiscal policy.

Since Mr. Chamberlain adumbrated his famous policy at Birmingham, every by-election has confirmed the belief entertained by the Unionist free-traders that nothing less than absolute and perhaps irrevocable disaster would overtake the Conservative Party were a mandate upon protection, pure and simple, to be demanded at the next election.

The enormous loss of Conservative seats in England, foreshadowed by the *Daily Mirror* canvass, emphasises the significance of the impending change in the constitution of Parties at the next election.

#### TO HOLD UNIONIST SEATS.

It has, accordingly, been arranged that Mr. Chamberlain's war-cry at the next election shall only be: "Vote for the Colonial Conference." Electors will not for the moment be asked to go farther.

By this important modification in Mr. Chamberlain's programme, it is hoped that many Conservative seats may be held which otherwise would be certain to fall before the Radical attack.

Meanwhile, the greatest activity prevails at the Liberal headquarters in Parliament-street, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Chief Opposition Whip, who has just returned from addressing several meetings in his constituency, yesterday addressed a circular letter to the various Liberal agents throughout the country, warning them to be ready for an election at any moment.

In all the principal political clubs in London and the country yesterday, Lord Spencer's manifesto was the subject of much speculation.

A mistaken impression appears to have arisen in some quarters that the manifesto was the immediate outcome of Thursday's conference between the Liberal leaders.

#### EXPLAINING THE MANIFESTO.

This is not the case, for, although there is little doubt that his lordship's letter, which was written on Tuesday, was communicated to several of his colleagues, there is every reason to believe that long before the hour at which Thursday's conference took place the document was already being circulated.

As a matter of fact, Lord Spencer has been unable to fulfil his engagements to speak in several localities lately, and the letter was written to Mr. Corrie Grant as being the best equivalent to a speech.

In the meantime the chief interest of the situation centres in the criticisms which are likely to be directed against Lord Spencer's manifesto. Lord Rosebery presided last evening at a dinner of the Council of the Liberal League at the Hotel Cecil, but, as is customary on those occasions, the proceedings were private.

The ex-Liberal Premier has, however, promised to attend a Liberal meeting at Esher next Wednesday evening, and an important pronouncement is anticipated.

#### M.P.s AND THE "DAILY MIRROR" CANVASS.

Meanwhile telegrams continue to reach the *Daily Mirror* office upon the remarkable results of our gigantic canvass.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., one of the Nationalist Whips, wires:—

If the Liberal Party are animated by Mr. Gladstone's principles their victory under the conditions you forecast should result in an Irish Parliament.

Mr. J. Leslie Wanklyn, M.P., the Liberal Unionist member for Central Bradford, telegraphs:—

The final ruin of the Liberal Party.

The King held a Council at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon for the purpose of giving his formal approval to the contents of the Speech.

## TO FLY TO FRANCE.

Three Frenchmen to Cross the Channel  
To-day in an Airship.

Three adventurous Frenchmen will attempt to cross from Dover to France to-day, weather permitting, in an airship of novel design.

The aeronauts, Jacques Faure and two friends, arrived at Dover yesterday from Calais with the flying-machine, which consists of an aeroplane suspended from a large balloon, and propelled by a powerful motor.

The capacity of the balloon is nearly two thousand cubic yards.

After supervising the landing of the machine, the aeronauts called on the mayor, Sir William Crundall, and then proceeded to the gasworks to make arrangements for the inflation of the balloon.

An attempt to cross the Channel in a flying machine has never been made before.

## MARRIAGE WITH TEN WOMEN.

American Blue Beard Is Confronted with  
Wives and Makes a Confession.

CHICAGO, Friday.—Hoch, the Chicago "Blue-beard," was yesterday confronted by a number of his wives, who fully identified him.

After a searching examination by the police late at night he confessed to marriage with ten women. He also said that he intended to commit suicide, for which purpose he carried the powder which was found in a fountain pen in his room in New York after his arrest.—Reuter.

## MILLIONAIRE-FORGER.

Sensational Arrest of an ex-Senator Who  
Squandered Fortunes.

Alonzo J. Whiteman, one of the most notorious forgers of the United States, has just been arrested at Danville, N.Y.

Whiteman is a man with a variegated career. After taking high scholastic honors, he entered the legal profession, and was once mayor of Duluth.

He was a member of the State Senate, president of two banks, and owner of two newspapers.

He has dissipated an inherited fortune of three-quarters of a million dollars, and his intimate knowledge of law makes him a very dangerous criminal.

Last September Whiteman escaped from custody by jumping through the open window of a fast train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

When the detectives entered his house the desperado was in bed. Hearing their footfall on the stairs he leaped out of bed and fled to a cupola on the roof.

He only surrendered when covered by three revolvers.

## TELEPHONING 3,000 MILES.

American Companies Combine for a Trunk  
Wire from New York to San Francisco.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Friday.—It will soon be possible to call up San Francisco on the telephone from New York, a distance of 3,000 miles.

The telephone business of America and Canada is, it is stated, about to become practically a single system under the general control of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

This gigantic system will represent a total capital of \$50,000,000, which will be increased constantly as the telephone service is extended.

Twenty-four of the great companies are expected to enter into amalgamation at the next annual meeting of the parent American company. Though under the central control the subsidiary companies will retain their identity.

## ANOTHER BOMB IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Libre Parole" announces that an extremely dangerous bomb, which would have exploded on being upset, has been found before the door of a municipal councillor at Meaux, twenty-five miles from Paris.—Reuter.

## DEAD ARCHDUKE RECOGNISED.

Three Austrians have signed an affidavit, published in an American newspaper, that they saw the Archduke Rudolf of Austria in the streets of Boston last week. What makes this remarkable is the fact that, according to history, the Archduke died by his own hand sixteen years ago.

The men who have made this startling statement say they cannot possibly be mistaken, as they are personally acquainted with the Archduke.

The Sultan of Zanzibar was entertained to luncheon yesterday by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, at Lansdowne House.

## KING DECORATES HEROES.

Brave Deeds by Land and Sea Recognised by His Majesty.

King Edward yesterday decorated two heroes with the Albert Medal. The pleasing ceremony took place at Buckingham Palace, and demonstrated once again the deep interest the King takes in the life of his people.

The recipients of the coveted decoration were Mr. Albert Hardwick, who lives at Arkell, Muswell-road, Muswell Hill, and Chief Stoker Alfred Suckley, of the Royal Navy.

Their acts of gallantry were of the highest order of merit.

During the dense fog of December 21, Albert Hardwick, seeing an elderly lady, Mrs. Mason, fall from No. 3 platform at Finsbury Park Station, sprang on to the line while a train was only fifteen yards away.

Finding there was no time to drag the woman to the platform, he, with remarkable presence of mind, laid down and pressed his body as close to the brickwork as possible, with his head against Mrs. Mason's. Struggling out his arm he forced her body against the platform.

A moment later the engine and one carriage passed them so closely that the wheels almost touched their clothes.

The onlookers were transfixed with admiration, amazement, and dread, which gave place to great cheering as the hero and the lady were taken up in safety.

A touching incident in the drama was the fact that Hardwick's father witnessed it, not knowing that the brave youth was his own son.

#### RISKED LIFE FOR COMRADES.

Chief-stoker Alfred Suckley, who was awarded the Second-class Albert Medal won the honour on the torpedo-destroyer *Success*. Something had gone wrong with one of the valves, and all below were suddenly enveloped in flames and steam.

He promptly sent all the men off the vessel, remaining below till they escaped. In order to assist them he opened the hatches at imminent risk of his own life.

The Albert Medal was instituted on March 7, 1869, originally for gallantry in saving or attempting to save life at sea. In 1877 its application was extended to similar acts ashore.

Hardwick and Suckley are respectively the 161st and 162nd recipients.

## SNOWED UP FOR TWO WEEKS.

Carriages of Derelict Train Used as Residences  
for Passengers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The "Caspi" says that the work of clearing the snow from the Trans-Caucasian Railway is proceeding very slowly, and trains are hopelessly snowed up. The locomotive fires are extinguished, and the rolling stock is turned into residences for the passengers.

The locomotives engulfed in snow on January 25 remained there two weeks, and were it not for the tops of the funnels peering through the snowdrift their existence would be forgotten. The agglomeration of passengers at Baku Station is increasing, and they are accommodating themselves on the platforms.—Laffan.

## PREMIER AND WORKMEN.

Mr. Balfour Says an Unemployed Deputation  
Cannot Be Heard in Parliament.

Replying to the Social Democratic Federation, who wrote asking if it was possible for a deputation of the unemployed to be heard at the opening of Parliament, Mr. Balfour writes:—

"Any petition which may be sent through the proper channel will be presented to the House of Commons, but that it is not the practice to receive deputations."

The Federation has decided to appoint a deputation, who will present themselves at the House of Commons on Tuesday.

## DEATH OF MRS. C. T. RITCHIE.

Mrs. Ritchie, wife of the Right Hon. Charles T. Ritchie, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, died yesterday.

The daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Ower, of Perth, Mrs. Ritchie was married in 1858.

## FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE PARK.

While driving along Birdcage-walk, London, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Reynolds, a veterinary surgeon, of Clarges-street, was thrown out of his carriage through his horse running away and colliding with a van. He was removed to Westminster Hospital, where he died at half-past six.

The King bestowed the honour of knighthood on Mr. Justice Baggave Deane yesterday.

## ORGY OF BLOODSHED IN POLAND.

Over 200 Workmen Killed and  
Wounded in Fight with  
Troops.

### 3,000 ARRESTS.

Once more Russian soldiers have been employed to fire upon unarmed workmen.

On Thursday evening the strikers in the Polish town of Sosnowice attempted to extinguish a smelting-furnace.

The military appeared on the scene, and fired three volleys into the thick of the crowd, killing and wounding more than a hundred.

In Warsaw a number of strikers assembled outside the doors of an organ factory where work has been resumed, intending to wait for the workmen leaving the factory. The police intervened, and several collisions occurred. A number of strikers were injured.

Collisions between the strikers and the military occurred again at Lodz, eleven persons being killed and 100 wounded. The authorities, in anticipation of further trouble there, have adopted stringent precautionary measures.

Yesterday the workmen of the Putloff Mills, where the first strike took place, again ceased work. They number 12,000 in all.

According to the "Aurore," it is announced that the St. Petersburg police have forbidden the managers of works to take back revolutionary workmen, 3,000 of whom have been arrested and will be sent back to their villages.

The miners of the St. Petersburg district are said to have obtained considerable quantities of dynamite.

## TROOPS FOR GIRLS.

Attended by a Hundred Armed Soldiers to  
Keep Them Good.

WARSAW, Friday.—A strike incident, which might seem incredible unless actually witnessed, occurred here yesterday.

The chief girls' school in Warsaw, following the example already set by the university and high schools, struck work. The 400 pupils chose a representative, who presented a written protest to the director on behalf of her fellow-pupils. The director invited this delegate to a private interview, but the girl refused.

The director thereupon telephoned to the chief of police, who called upon the military commander to send troops to the school. This was done, and the 400 girls marched out past a patrol of 100 armed soldiers and went to their homes.—Laffan.

## OYAMA'S MIGHTY ARMY.

500,000 Japanese Soldiers, the Russians  
Believe, Are Now in Manchuria.

A dispatch from General Kuropatkin states that the Japanese assumed the offensive on the Russian left last Wednesday, and were repulsed.

The "Russki Invalid," the leading Russian military journal, estimates that Marshal Oyama has 275,000 men of the regular army, 150,000 reservists, and 60,000 irregulars, or nearly half a million men.

The ships of the Third Baltic Squadron, now at Libau, put out to sea daily to carry out exercises. They are towed through the harbour channel by tugs, an ice-breaker preceding them. The squadron is expected to leave at the end of next week.

## DOCTORS CONDEMN THE WAR.

MOSCOW, Friday.—A conference of medical men in the Government of Moscow to-day adopted the following resolution, which is to be presented to the Moscow Zemstvo:—

"We declare our solidarity with the demands of the St. Petersburg workmen as formulated on January 22. We express our deep regret for the victims whose blood was shed in the streets of St. Petersburg. It is necessary that the war should be stopped as quickly as possible."—Reuter.

## CAUGHT BY AN AVALANCHE.

GENEVA, Friday.—While climbing the mountain above Thun yesterday, two Swiss named Blatter and Zimmerman, were caught by an avalanche and carried over a precipice. When dug out Blatter was dead and his companion is now dying at the hospital.



## WOMAN OF THE MYSTIC LIGHT.

Female Preacher Who is Followed by a Sublime Radiance.

### SHE TELLS HER STORY.

Stars Hover Obsequiously Over Her During Her Ministrations.

Mrs. Mary Jones, the farmer's wife of Dyffryn, near Barmouth, round whom a mysterious radiance glows as she takes part in the great Welsh revival, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday a vivid story of her remarkable experiences.

One notices nothing impressive or singular in the general appearance of Mrs. Jones, but her eyes are remarkable. Of the richest hazel, they light up her face as she relates how many have found salvation through such a humble instrument as herself. They give a touch of strength to the whole countenance.

"My conversion," she said, "came about through reading 'In His Steps.' That very night in the little Egryn Chapel I stood up in my place and made public confession of my faith.

From the very first evening this strange, mysterious light appeared to me from day to day. It shows itself in different forms. To-day it appears as a star, which shines steadily for a few moments, thirty feet it may be, or half a mile ahead of me, then rushes towards or away from me and disappears only to return immediately.

"To-morrow, perhaps, it is a red ball of fire, or takes the form of sudden waves of light, which flood the road and hedges all around me.

"Sometimes it is within a few feet of me, sometimes a mile away, sometimes the size of an ordinary star, and sometimes as big as a man's head.

"It Protects Me."

"I feel it protects me, and should be unhappy without it.

"I seldom see it indoors, but once in a meeting I closed my eyes and suddenly there appeared the faint outlines of a fiery heart. Gradually it took shape out of the misty darkness which surrounded it, till at last a complete heart of blazing fire seemed to shine in my eyes.

"The vision faded suddenly. It lasted a minute or half an hour."

Many people, besides Mrs. Jones, have seen these strange portents. One of the most mysterious of these experiences was told to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday by a man who trembled in every limb as he recounted it.

Tongue of Fire.

"I was coming home one night from hearing Mrs. Jones," he said.

"Just as I got to my house I saw a large tongue of brilliant blue flame shoot out of the chimney.

"I ran to a height of five or six feet, blazed steadily for a moment, and then disappeared.

"Two other men who were with me also saw it. I was so frightened I could not sleep.

"Since then I have seen the error of my way of life, and have been converted."

Mrs. Jones has conducted revival meetings over a radius of forty miles in the Barmouth district, and wherever she goes has made converts by the score.

### REVIVAL FIRE.

Mission will soon "Cut Through to the Convert-bearing Reef."

Dr. Torrey rested yesterday, and the Rev. John McNeill, the Scottish evangelist, preached in his stead at both revival services.

Invited to give the *Daily Mirror* his opinion of the mission, Mr. McNeill said it was too much to expect the West End to be brought in tears to its knees within the limits of a week.

It was always the case that such movements attracted great crowds of interested church-going people at the start, but in a little while it would cut deeper to the convert-bearing reef.

Reminded that it was heralded as a mission to the rich, Mr. McNeill said it was not easy to say what proportion of wealthy people were attending. Plutocrats or peers could not be asked to wear labels or addresses on their backs like branded sheep.

The revival would come through Christians first catching fire.

### SCHOOLBOY REVIVALIST CRITICS.

Some schoolboys at Dowlands were requested to write their impressions of Mr. Evan Roberts, who recently conducted revival services in the town.

Here are some of the results:—

"Some say Mr. Evan Roberts is a fraud, but I don't believe he is a fraud at all."

"I liked him very much, though some people say they wouldn't go twenty yards to hear him."

"Mr. Evan Roberts was once a collier, and as black as any other collier, but now he has been washed as white as snow."

## TITLED RESISTER.

Lady Grove Will Go to Prison Rather Than Have Her Baby Vaccinated.

Lady Grove, the beautiful wife of Sir Walter Grove, is in danger of going to prison for not having her baby boy vaccinated!

Yesterday Lady Grove informed the *Daily Mirror* that she has not the slightest intention of having her child vaccinated. She would fight to the bitter end.

"The summons was, of course, against my husband, but Sir Walter happens to be on the Continent. I was accompanied to Bow-street by my cousin, Earl Russell. I think that the law which demands that a person shall have her child subjected to what I hold to be both a dangerous and a disgusting practice, is little short of a public scandal.

Mr. Norman Forbes Robertson, who was present, said he also had suffered for not complying with what he calls "this filthy practice."

"I was living in the country at the time," he explained, "so I couldn't attend the court, and they fined me. I would gladly have gone to prison, but I simply couldn't afford the time, as my work on the stage would have suffered so much."

Then the innocent case of all this trouble was brought into the drawing-room for the *Daily Mirror's* inspection. He is a splendidly handsome little fellow, his features strongly reminding one of his mother. His rosy face is framed by a wealth of golden curls, and at eleven months old he looks—well, considerably older. Well may Lady Grove say, "Isn't he a darling?"

### LADY GROVE'S OBJECTION.



Lady Grove, the wife of Sir Walter Grove, Bart, who was summoned at Bow-street for not having his child vaccinated, stated in defence that she had a conscientious objection to vaccination.—(Beresford.)

### TYING THE KNOT.

Pastor Annoyed Because a Lady Conducted a Wedding Ceremony.

The remarkable marriage incident in Blackburn, where a lady was permitted to "tie the knot," has aroused a considerable amount of unfavourable comment.

The Rev. W. Lawson Forster, pastor of the Congregational chapel in which the affair occurred, is particularly annoyed, and has used the local Press to proclaim the fact that the "strange incident" would never have taken place in his presence, and that his permission was not obtained by the acting minister on that occasion. He particularly expresses his surprise and chagrin that his chapel should have been connected with such an unusual proceeding.

### PAVED WITH FEATHER BEDS.

Magisterial humour lightened the gloom at Marlborough-street Court yesterday.

Mr. Kennedy, the magistrate, begged a foreigner who spoke almost inaudibly "not to be afraid of raising the roof." Again, he declared that a lane horse which its owner called "workable" would only be so "if roads were paved with feather beds."

### NOISE INSPECTORS.

The appointment of "noise inspectors" to inquire into and to suppress all unnecessary noises in the metropolis is urged by the Street Noise Abatement Society.

## CITY OF DEATH.

Scenes of Gloom in the Fever-stricken Town of Lincoln.

### MARKET SHUNNED.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LINCOLN, Friday Night.—To-day was Lincoln's market-day; and surely the sorriest market-day the quaint old city has ever seen.

The country people shun the infected city; the market-place, usually crowded, was nearly empty.

And surely they have reason. One person out of every ten of the population is stricken down.

The total number of patients up to last night was 542, and the number of deaths reported was twenty-three. This morning three more deaths occurred. A walk through the poorer streets of the town this morning made my very heart ache. Woe and desolation is apparent on every side.

Melancholy groups of weeping women and children stood at the doors of the cottages, sadly watching the removal of their bread-winners by the ambulances.

I visited the drill-hall this morning, and was struck by the excellence of the arrangements. A fresh relay of trained nurses had just arrived, and their efforts were being nobly seconded by the volunteer ladies of Lincoln.

Dr. Rees Jones, assistant medical officer of Nottingham, is performing the work of Dr. Harrison, Lincoln's chief medical officer, who has been too ill for duty during the past three weeks.

I had an interview with Dr. Jones this morning. He speaks with confidence, declaring that the epidemic is well in hand. Thursday's cases certainly show a gratifying decrease on the average number reported during the preceding week.

A careful investigation of the tainted water supply is now proceeding. Judging from the present feeling in the city, it will be long before the water from the reservoir will again be used with any confidence.

The work of boring a well is being pushed on rapidly, but it will be many months before it is finished. It is necessary to pierce the earth to a depth of 2,200 feet. Meantime it is suggested that water for the city should be brought from the hills. Funds are urgently needed to provide food for the poor, who are in great distress.

### LADY CURZON LEAVES.

Departs with Her Children for India Amid a Chorus of Good Wishes.

Pretty scenes were witnessed on the deck of the P. and O. steamer Arabia at the Tilbury Docks yesterday, when Lady Curzon and her three children started on their voyage to India.

The Vicerine of India, accompanied by her new brother-in-law, Lord Suffolk, had gone on board the previous day.

Her ladyship's children—Mary Irene, aged eight, and Cynthia Blanche, two years younger—were greatly interested in the preparations of departure, but her infant daughter remained below.

Irene, nursing an enormous doll, made a complete conquest of Captain Leigh, and had great fun over a box of chocolates which she presented to him, and which he pretended to conceal in his coat-tail pocket.

The little ones constantly ran up to their mother, who was reclining in a deck-chair, and who in sympathetic inquiry that she was now completely restored to health.

### OUR SAFE RAILWAYS.

The good reputation of British railways is well sustained by the official return which shows that in the third quarter of last year only thirty-two passengers were killed, as against fifty-six in the third quarter of 1903.

The numbers of passengers injured were 762 and 930 in the respective periods.

### LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE.

A *Daily Mirror* miniature portrait of a child was lost some months ago in London. Yesterday, strangely enough, it was picked up in a busy street by a man who chanced to know the subject of the portrait.

In a city containing six millions of people the coincidence is nothing short of wonderful.

### RAFT AS MAIL CARRIER.

Wishing to send letters home, the officers of the *Moradair*, bound from London to Australia, launched a raft near Tenerife bearing a water-tight bag containing letters and £1 for the finder.

This "mail" was delivered in England in fourteen days.

Mrs. Radcliffe, of The Lythe, Ellesmere, was thrown out of her carriage whilst driving to the meet yesterday, and sustained concussion of the brain.

## THE QUIET SUNDAY.

Member of the King's Household Author of Reform Movement.

The author of the national movement against the secularisation of the English Sabbath is a member of the King's household—Mr. T. Kingscote, M.V.O.

Mr. Kingscote is not a narrow Sabbatarian. His object, he explains, is simply to bring about a change in the Sundays of a certain class, whose selfish pleasure-seeking causes increased labour to their servants.

"The movement," said Archdeacon Sinclair to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "started last year, but this year the two Archbishops, all the Bishops, and most of the clergy have consented to set apart a Sunday next June for sermons on the subject."

"True, for the most part, those who hear the sermons will be Sabbath-keepers, but the universality of the movement and publicity in the Press will, it is hoped, make an impression."

"Our efforts are not directed against working people employed all the week, who cannot be expected to attend all the services on Sunday."

### The Servants' View Point.

"Week-end house-parties and Sunday luncheon parties," said Miss Bradshaw, of the National Registry, to the *Daily Mirror*, "have revolutionised domestic service."

"The first question asked by candidates for situations is 'Do you have luncheon-parties on Sunday?' That shows how general the custom is."

Even Alderman Sir William Trevelyan, the president of the National Sunday League, while claiming that no movement in favour of a return to the Sunday of fifty years ago could be "national," agrees that there is need for reform in the thoughtless behaviour of a certain class of the well-to-do.

The new movement, writes the *Daily Mirror* Liverpool correspondent, is cordially welcomed throughout that diocese.

Local clergy deplore the prevalence of Sunday trading, and contend that much harm is done by Sunday afternoon concerts, that merely amuse and do not instil piety.

One view strongly condemns the P.S.A. movement, on the ground that it draws young people from the Sunday-school to superficial and frivolous entertainments.

### WAIL OF THE RAIL.

More Laments Over Losses Caused by Electric Lines and Tramways.

Further laments of losses caused by electric railways and tramways and fog were heard at meetings of railway companies held yesterday.

The Great Northern Railway Company report showed £40,000 of diminished revenue, although the expenditure had decreased by £23,000.

In the suburban districts the company carried 800,000 more passengers, and though there was a loss on the Great Northern and City "tube," the growth of traffic is expected to speedily recoup the loss.

There is a decrease of a quarter per cent. in the North-Eastern Railway Company's dividend, but the working of the Tynemouth electric railway showed £17,000 increased receipts.

### CO-OPERATIVE COAL-MINE.

Colliers' Experiments in Running a Pit Come to Grief.

An interesting attempt at co-operative coal-mining at Swansea has just ended in failure.

The miners' agent for the western district contended that the Copper Pit could be worked at a profit even at the rate of wages demanded by the men.

The whole concern was handed over to the men to see if they could work it on co-operative lines.

The experiment soon came to grief, and negotiations for the restarting of the pit are in progress between the landowners and an English syndicate.

### ONE POUND PER PRISONER.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, son of the late W. E. Gladstone, has taken up his duties as rector of the parish of Burrowley, near Grantham. Although there are only 820 inhabitants in the parish, the living is worth £800 a year.

### "MR. DOOLEY" IN LONDON.

Mr. F. P. Dunne, better known as "Mr. Dooley," arrived by the Baltic from New York yesterday. "Pete" Dunne, as he is affectionately called by his friends, has brought Mr. Dunne with him, and will combine business with pleasure during his stay in London.

A petition was yesterday lodged against the Croydon Corporation Bill for the extension of tramways to Upper Norwood.



## HUNTING-FIELD FLIRTATION.

Similarity in Taste for Horses Leads to Love-making.

## "PLATONIC" FRIENDSHIP.

Hunting-field romances are always appreciated in the Divorce Court. However unhappy their "denouements" may be, they bring, as it were, a whiff of fresh air from the shires into the court's stuffy atmosphere.

"Gardner v. Gardner," heard yesterday, was a hunting story, and it took its hearers in imagination to the green fields and copes round Cirencester.

To Oakley Park, his country seat near the latter place, Mr. Cyril Robert Preston Gardner, in 1892, brought his bride. She had been a Miss Helen Greenish, and he had married her at Croydon. A happy married life together seemed in prospect for the young couple. They were both fond of hunting, and had ample opportunities to take part in their favourite sport.

Mrs. Gardner found herself mistress of a large household of servants, and the possessor of many hunters in the Oakley Park stables.

So husband and wife hunted happily together—until a Miss Ethel Drake made her appearance in the neighbourhood, and at the meads.

She, too, was very fond of hunting, with the result that she had several chats on the subject with Mr. Gardner while coverts were being drawn.

Mrs. Gardner at last began to think that these chats were too frequent. She spoke to her husband on the subject.

Liked Her Taste in Horses.

"My friendship towards Miss Drake," replied Mr. Gardner, "is purely platonic. We have a similarity of tastes in the matter of horses."

This platonicism on the hunting-field began to make people talk. The county families, Mrs. Gardner suspected, were having their feelings outraged.

So she ventured to refer to the matter in conversation with Miss Drake. "Our friendship is platonic," was the young lady's answer. "It is based on our mutual love of horses."

Once again—this time on the hunting-field—Mrs. Gardner brought her grievance before Miss Drake's notice. Miss Drake murmured something about platonic friendship and fondness for horses.

She was spared a lengthy explanation, for Mr. Gardner came riding up and said angrily, so that everybody could hear, "I won't have Miss Drake treated in this way."

Horses' Holiday.

That evening the discussion was revived at Oakley Park. Mr. Gardner made two threats. He said that Mrs. Gardner must go away, and that he would "turn her horses out of doors."

She was out hunting one day when she determined to abandon her attempt to come up with the field. She decided to return home. She turned her horse's head in the opposite direction to that in which the hounds had gone. Emerging suddenly into a line she was disgusted to see two people on horseback indulging in platonicism a few paces in front of her. In spite of their love of horses and hunting they had dropped out, too. They were Mr. Gardner and Miss Drake.

When Mrs. Gardner overtook them they said that one of the horses had cast a shoe, and that they had had to seek a blacksmith.

Post-Platonic.

Up till now Mr. Gardner had persisted in his platonicism, so that it came as a shock to his wife when he said, while they were in a carriage together driving out to dinner one evening "You had better get a divorce—a divorce. I do not want a beastly separation." He repeated his request when they got home at night.

Mrs. Gardner found that he had given the servants notice, so she was forced to leave him.

Afterwards she discovered that her husband was in Frankfurt, and that Miss Drake was there with him.

Mrs. Gardner, a comely lady wearing furs, told about the platonicism. Servants described what happened at Frankfurt. Then Mr. Justice Deane pronounced a decree nisi.

## Why Boil Clothes

It weakens fibre, loosens texture, shrinks fabric.

There isn't the least necessity of it.

Fels-Napha stops half the rubbing and all the boiling.

Go by the book.

Fels-Napha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

## PSYCHE'S WINGS.

How a Goddess Was Made to Serve as an Advertisement.

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement," but sometimes there are legal difficulties.

For instance, yesterday, before Mr. Justice Kekewich, in Chancery Court I., objections were raised to the alleged employment for advertising purposes of a reproduction of the picture called "Nature's Mirror."

In this picture the beautiful goddess Psyche is represented gazing at the reflection of herself afforded by the waters of a lovely limpid pool.

It was urged by the plaintiff in the suit, the owner of the right to make artistic reproductions of this woodland scene, that his privileges were infringed by a little picture that appeared among advertisements in "Munsey's Magazine."

On the other side it was said that in the latter picture Psyche had no wings.

"They have been rubbed off," retorted the plaintiff's counsel.

An expert witness made a touching reference to the connection between the picture entitled "The Monarch of the Glen," and the whisky trade.

It was also stated that Psyche's mirror had already been used as an advertisement—in the U.S.A., of a mineral water company had acquired for £300 all advertising rights in the pool.

After inspecting many pictures of Psyche Mr. Justice Kekewich reserved judgment.

## COOL PROPOSAL.

Faithless Husband Places an Alternative Before His Deserted Wife.

A judicial separation was sought by a Mrs. Margaret Cunningham on the ground of her husband's intrigue with another lady, whose Christian name was also Margaret.

Mrs. Cunningham received anonymous letters about Mr. Cunningham, who is a commercial traveller, formerly living at Kilburn. Finally she received a letter from Mr. Cunningham himself:—

Dear May,—I wish to state that I am living with a young lady as my wife. Nothing would induce me to leave her. If I have any bother I shall pack up my bag and go abroad. You can settle whether you will go in for a separation or a divorce. I do not care which it is.—Your husband, ROBERT.

Mrs. Cunningham "settled on" a separation, and yesterday obtained it.

## "STRUCK OFF THE STRENGTH."

How a Quartermaster-Sergeant Heard of a Domestic Trouble.

A quartermaster-sergeant named Routley had a sad story to tell in the Divorce Court yesterday. His wife was well provided for at Aldershot when he first went away to the South African war, for his position entitled her to a substantial allowance.

But suddenly the military authorities decided to stop the payments. The notification to this effect was the first intimation that the soldier got that his wife had been unfaithful.

He obtained a divorce yesterday because of the offence by his wife which had caused her to be struck off the strength of the regiment.

## QUEER CAUSES OF FAILURE.

Starting on a Capital of 12s. 6d.—Ruined by Divorce Damages.

Some queer causes of insolvency were given in the Preston Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

William Dootlan, a Blackpool shop-fitter, started in business four years ago, but could not make the concern pay because he only had 12s. 6d. capital.

Bad debts and bad trade also contributed to his downfall. The examination was adjourned.

Last November a Blackpool architect was ordered to pay £250 damages and £88 costs as the result of a divorce case in which he figured as co-respondent.

This money he was unable to pay, and had therefore to file his petition. His deficiency amounted to £265.

## DANCE IN THE DOCK.

Brought into court at Bow-street for being drunk, Ellen Sanginico had to be lifted into the dock. She then commenced to dance.

She had, it was said, thrown a pair of steps at a soldier, and climbed on to the top of a box-tricycle. She was ordered to be sent to the workhouse as an insane person.

"Been looking for Annie Grey," said a burglar to a policeman who arrested him as he emerged from a window of a Clapham house. But Annie, the housemaid, said she did not know him.

## ONIONS A LUXURY.

Shortage in Foreign Supply Makes Them Dearer Than Apples.

Good onions are at present commanding a higher price in the wholesale market than apples of similar quality.

It must not therefore be inferred that the prejudice against the savory bulb is diminishing. Its searching odour will always cause it to remain in the catalogue of the vulgar things of this life.

The reason is a shortage of supplies from abroad, and a combination among speculators in order to "corner" the market.

Best onions are now selling at 3d. a pound, a price never before attained. As a result, onion-growers are reaping surprising profits, and many dealers are taking shrewd advantage of the turn of the market.

The rise in price, however, is not likely to be maintained. The onion, as a constant article of diet, does not appeal to the class that is willing to pay any price for what it wants.

Many growers who have grasped this fact are rushing their stocks into the markets, making the most of a golden and unexpected opportunity.

MR. THOMAS BARRASFORD,



Managing-director of the Lyceum Theatre, who handed over the management of this house to the "Daily Mirror" for this week as an experiment to test if a good, wholesome variety entertainment could profitably be given at moderate charges.

## LAWYER WITH A PISTOL

Found in an Archdeacon's Garden and Charged with Threats.

An exciting scene in an Archdeacon's garden was described in the Taunton Police Court yesterday. Henry J. Clement Reed, a local solicitor, is alleged to have called at St. Mary's Vicarage, and to have threatened the Archdeacon of Taunton, the Venerable William Henry Askwith.

He is also accused of having broken a lamp and a window at the vicarage.

Reed was arrested late on Wednesday night by a constable stationed in the vicarage grounds, the Archdeacon having asked for police protection. Reed then had in his possession a revolver loaded in six chambers.

Yesterday Reed admitted having broken the lamp and the window, but denied having menaced the Archdeacon. He had carried a revolver for seven years.

A remand was ordered, bail being refused.

## "THE CURSE OF THE ALIEN."

It was a curse to this country—the influx of the pauper alien. The place would continue to be swarming alive with them until the weak Government got rid of them.

So said Sir John Bell at the Guildhall yesterday when a number of Russian and Polish Jew boys were charged with begging.

## ELDORADO OF HUSBANDS.

"If you are a sensible mother, don't dissuade her," was the advice of Mr. Rose, the Southwark magistrate, yesterday to a woman who wanted to prevent her daughter, a young servant, from going to Canada.

"She will get a living, a husband, property, and happiness in Canada," added Mr. Rose.

## CONFIDENCE TRICKSTER'S RUSE.

One of two Italian women who performed the confidence trick on a fellow-countryman in a restaurant pretended to be taken ill, and asked the dupe to go round to the Italian Church "and ask a priest to say mass for my poor dead father."

When the Italian returned the two women had vanished. The women were found guilty at the Old Bailey yesterday, but the sentences were postponed.

## LAST DAY OF OUR THEATRE WEEK.

Famous Actors To Be Seen at All Three Performances.

## MR. JAMES WELCH'S HIT.

He Sings His Pantomime Song and the House Rocks with Laughter.

### TO-DAY'S SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

Mr. George Alexander (3-5).  
Mr. Seymour Hicks and the Gibson Girls (3-5 and 7-9).

Miss Camille Clifford, the most beautiful woman in the world (3-5 and 7-9).  
Mr. James Welch (9.15-11.15).

To-day take place the last three performances of the *Daily Mirror* week at the Lyceum—a week that will long be famous alike in journalistic and theatrical history. So far everything has gone as well as we could desire.

Our programme has been received with acclamation. We have shown how a variety programme may, with enthusiastic acceptance, include selections from grand opera, recitations by a famous actor, a song and dance by the foremost of musical comedy performers, and a topical ballad by a clever and popular comedian in the front rank upon the legitimate stage.

To-day all these notable novices in variety theatre work will make further appearances. In the afternoon (beginning at three sharp) the programme will include both Mr. George Alexander's recitations, which were so heartily welcomed on Wednesday, and Mr. Seymour Hicks, who had a reception on Thursday night that beat all records.

### A Modest Man.

Again last night the scene when Mr. Hicks appeared with his chorus of beautiful Gibson girls was one of amazing enthusiasm. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could get away to take his place in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville as usual. The audience simply would not be satisfied. Mr. Hicks himself was astonished at the furore he had caused. He is a modest man, and could not understand it.

There is no doubt whatever that his two songs, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Quaint Old Bird," form one of the most successful "turns" that have ever been given upon the variety stage. His success was instantaneous. As a tribute to his talent and popularity the scenes of last night and the night before mark an epoch in Mr. Hicks' career.

Not less successful was Mr. James Welch, who made his first appearance last night, and sang the song which was the principal hit on the first night of "The White Cat" at Drury Lane.

Mr. Welch, after his serious illness and stay in the South of France, was absolutely forbidden by his doctor to take up his part in the pantomime again. He realised himself that it would be madness to attempt to play twice a day in a four-hour performance in such a huge theatre as Drury Lane.

### In Intervals of Rehearsal.

Numbers of people were, therefore, disappointed of hearing him sing this very amusing song, and it was the knowledge of this which made us invite Mr. Welch to join our company at the Lyceum in the intervals of rehearsal. The audience simply would not be satisfied. Mr. Welch got, and the great amusement his song created. We have no doubt he will be welcomed with equal warmth this evening.

It should be mentioned, by the way, that Mr. Hicks brings with him from the Vaudeville not only Miss Clifford and the other Gibson girls, but also Mr. Carl Kieffer, the spirited conductor at his theatre, who very kindly gives his services and conducts the Vaudeville numbers.

In addition to all the other attractions, a souvenir in the shape of a tasteful hand-mirror will be presented to all the ladies in the reserved seats at to-day's matinee and first evening house.

Times of performances to-day: 3-5, 7-9, 9.15-11.15.

Seats can be booked at the Lyceum or at any of the libraries or agencies.

The coupon below entitles the holder to admission at the cheap prices printed therein to any of the performances to-day:—

## "DAILY MIRROR" LYCEUM WEEK.

THIS COUPON WILL ADMIT THE HOLDER to the Lyceum Theatre for any one of the advertised performances to-day at the following prices:

PRIVATE BOXES (to hold four) £1 1s. & 12s. 6d. PIT-STALLS 1s. 0d.  
STALLS 2s. 6d. AMPHITHEATRE 0s. 6d.  
DRESS-CIRCLE 1s. 6d. GALLERY 0s. 3d.

Excepting the Amphitheatre and Gallery, all seats can be reserved on application with this Coupon to the Box Office, Lyceum Theatre, Strand.

February 11, 1905.



## NEW DISEASE.

Doctors Diagnose Dislike of Work as "Ergophobia."

## WHAT IS THE CURE?

Ergophobia is a word just coined to describe "that tired feeling" that afflicts the work-shy.

Its inventor is Dr. Spanton, consulting surgeon to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, who avers that the disease is increasing among the so-called working classes to an alarming extent.

In an article in the current number of the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Spanton derives the word ergophobia from the Greek *ergon*—work, and *phobos*—hated.

The extraordinary increase of cases, he notes during recent years, is ascribed to the effect of the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

The first symptoms are a slight accident—say, a crushed finger—received at work. It is treated, and at the end of many weeks the finger is stiff, perhaps permanently flexed.

It does not prevent his working, and by a slight operation the stiffness could be cured. But the sufferer refuses to work, and refuses to submit to an operation.

He can come upon his employer for a weekly payment equal to about half his former wages. He can go to football matches, loaf about, manage to live. Soon he gets ergophobia very badly.

The friendly societies are beginning to discover that the Workmen's Compensation Act is likely to prove a serious drain on their resources.

Trades unionism is a predisposing cause to the disease. Men who do not belong to unions often work in spite of serious accidents.

It is a common sight to see a cabman with one arm doing his work as well as a man who has both; or another who has lost a leg, and with his wooden peg mounts his cab and is almost as active as any other cabman; another who, with his artificial arm, can do all the heavy work of a railway outdoor porter; a clerk who has lost the use of the fingers of his right hand, and learns to use his left as efficiently as he previously used his right.

Ergophobia, continues Dr. Spanton, will one day rank with hydrophobia and other phobias. Already it is entitled to rank among the epidemic diseases, since it is spreading with such startling rapidity.

There is only one remedy for it. If suitable work is found for anyone which the medical evidence proves he can do quite well, his pay ought to be decidedly and finally stopped.

## SINKING TOWN.

Sunderland the Delta of a Great Landslide Due to the Ice Age.

Sunderland is gradually slipping into the sea through a general subsidence.

Surveys of the levels of the town, covering a long period, reveal startling facts, and confirm the theory of the geologists that "the site of Sunderland is nothing more nor less than the delta of a great landslide due to the Ice Age."

Comparisons between the level surveys of 1855 and 1895 show that in forty years the site of Sunderland has subsided to the extent in some places of more than six feet, and the subsidence is still going on.

The Ordnance Office, which has been investigating the matter, reports that several other places have had similar experiences.

## SALVATION GHOST.

Barracks Visited by Yellow-clad Lady with a Malignant Eye.

The Salvation Army barracks at Rhymney are said to be in possession of a really first-class ghost.

The apparition is that of a tall, stoutly-built lady clad in yellow. Her haggard face is of a ghastly hue, and distorted by a terrorising expression of hate.

The ghost was first seen by an "Army" officer. At his invitation six friends sat up with him one night to await its reappearance.

The vigil was maintained until 4.30, when the wraith floated into the room, bestowed glances of malignity upon the terrified watchers, and glided silently away.

## Fels-Naptha

ought not to be called soap; it is so much better.

What other soap coaxes the dirt out of clothes by soaking?

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

"We have to make tea with soda-water," writes a Kenyansham correspondent, complaining that the water supplied through the pipes is only fit for washing floors.

Lincolnshire is doing a thriving trade in cabbages with Germany, there being a scarcity of the vegetable in that country.

A seal captured and killed off Criccieth Promenade, on the south coast of Carnarvonshire, measured five feet in length.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has promised to open the East Ham Technical College and Secondary School. A date remains to be fixed.

Twenty-two tons of flowers represented one day's shipment landed at Penzance this week from the Isles of Scilly, for London, and other markets.

Whatever may be the changes of theatrical taste, depend upon it, says Sir Henry Irving, the theatre will always remain a great instrument of social organisation.

At the Liverpool Sailors' Home the savings deposited by seamen in 1904 amounted to £29,718. The report just issued shows that thrift among sailors is increasing.

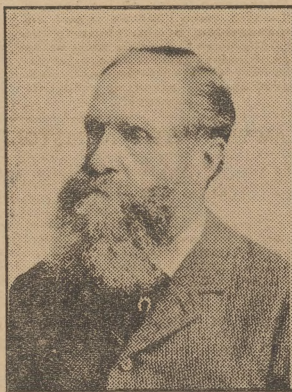
Because some of the men idled their time and smoked instead of working, the labour-yard of the Staines Union, which was opened for the benefit of the unemployed, is to be closed.

"Inexperienced assistants are sometimes let in to the tune of 15s.," said a Blackburn pawnbroker, who had prosecuted a man for trying to pawn a "duffer" watch worth only 2s. for its silver case.

While drain-cutting on the Island of Coll workmen struck and broke two bronze swords, double-edged and sharp, and found a third. They also found distinct evidences of an old lake-dwelling or fort.

"Samuel cannot come to school this afternoon, as he has glued his head to the dresser and we have not been able to separate him yet." This letter is quoted by the "Schoolmistress" as a specimen of the excuses parents make for their children's non-attendance at school.

## EARL SPENCER,



The Liberal leader, who is likely to be Premier after the coming general election. He has just issued a letter giving indications of his policy.—(London Stereoscopic Co.)

Buxton boasts a football team composed entirely of "passive resisters."

Four cows were burnt to death in a fire which broke out in a barn on the Mappleton Road, near Ashborne.

Thrift amongst school-children is encouraged by the Board of Education, who advise local authorities to establish penny banks.

Five pupils of Mr. E. T. Jones, the Leeds policeman-artist, have obtained prizes at the Fine Art Exhibition at Guisborough.

To a Balachava hero named Jackson, of Perth, who was badly wounded in the famous charge, a pension has just been granted.

Is Machnow, the giant, really a Russian? asks a Carnarvon correspondent. His name seems to have come from Machno, a stream in Carnarvonshire.

A patent for "tipping" cigars or cigarettes was mentioned in Leeds County Court. The idea is that the cigar or cigarette should be lighted in the same manner as a safety match, the inflammable material being adjusted at the end.

One minute and forty seconds seemed like five minutes to a lady whose capacity for judging time was tested in Hull Police Court. She stood with her back to the clock while strict silence was maintained, and faced about when, in her opinion, the five minutes had passed.

Worcester Guardians have decided to make a grant of £1 each to two paupers who, whilst in the workhouse, did from £50 to £70 worth of painting.

There are twelve applications for the headmastership of Eton College.

Four days of fog cost the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway £13,000, says the company's latest report.

Bursting into flames in a yard at Steelman-street, Walworth-road, London, a very valuable motor-car was completely destroyed.

Blossomless apple trees will be the penalty we shall pay for coreless apples. The fruit develops from a cluster of small green leaves.

Plans have been approved for the formation of a lake on Wanstead Flats, Epping Forest. This will effectively drain and improve a portion of the Forest.

Prayer-books removed from churches all over Cheshire were found in the possession of an organist and choirmaster sentenced at Sandbach for theft of them.

In thirteen minutes a motor-omnibus has accomplished the journey from Ficcaddy-circus to Kensington Church, a distance of two miles and 1,000 yards. This easily beats tramcar speed.

## "MR. DOOLEY."



Mr. F. P. Dunne, the author of the famous Dooley conversations, who arrived in London from New York yesterday.

An explosion of gas partially wrecked a private house in Hopton-road, Streatham, yesterday.

Roses are in such great demand at Covent Garden that it is with difficulty florists are able to cope with the orders.

Exciting land-purchase disturbances are threatened in Ireland. "It looks," said an official yesterday, "as if 1905 will be the worst year since 1881."

Despite advances in the price of tea and sugar, the profits of the Home and Colonial Stores were stated yesterday to have been £158,000 in 1904, or greater than in any other year except 1901.

Halifax is the most sober borough in Yorkshire. Sir A. Arnold, in commenting upon the fact, suggested that the police should watch people leaving clubs as closely as those leaving licensed houses.

Poor-law relief is almost unknown in Cotsfield. This Sussex village has an old-age pension scheme of its own by which twenty-three old inhabitants have been granted comfortable weekly allowances.

Out of 332 vagrants relieved at Poole Workhouse, no fewer than 111 were ex-soldiers, forty-two of whom had served in the South African war. The War Office have promised to give the matter their attention.

Several fine specimens of the bittern having been killed lately in England, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds points out that the species would undoubtedly re-establish itself as a British species if allowed to do so.

Since the London Nursing Society was founded in 1868, owing to a cholera epidemic, it has developed into an important charity. At Grosvenor House, on Monday next, a concert is to be held in support of the society.

"Help wanted to continue the education of very promising boy" and "To the kind-hearted.—Loan of £100 required for short period," were among the appeals in the advertising columns of a London contemporary yesterday.

After holding out for a month for payment of 30s. per man for night-service, the Scarborough lifeboat-men have accepted the 15s. per man originally offered for answering a call to assist the Gladys. Their aid was not required, the vessel's signals having been intended only for a pilot.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

## NELSON TEA ADVERTISEMENTS.

On page 1 we reproduce a number of the Nelson Tea advertisements, showing how the advantages of their famous pension scheme were boomed.

There is a pathetic interest in some of the inscriptions on these pictures, in view of the fact that by the collapse of the scheme some 19,000 poor widows have been deprived of the only income on which they could rely.

"I hope to live to an old age," the man is supposed to be saying to his wife in one picture, "but if not it cheats one to remember that you will receive a pension of 10s. a week from Nelson's." In another picture a widow is seen remarking how "Nelson's pension helps to provide for the children."

Surely there is a sad, grim humour in the sight of these pictures to-day.

## THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

The Grand Duke Michael, whose portrait appears on page 8, has just founded a hospital at Cannes for wounded Russian officers in a villa placed at his disposal by a wealthy Pole, M. E. de Silvansky.

It is beautifully situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, and there is accommodation for twenty-seven patients.

The Grand Duke incurred the heavy displeasure of the late Tsar by his morganatic marriage with the Countess Torby. He was deprived of his income, his name was removed from the Army List, and sentence of banishment from Russia was passed upon him.

Lately, however, chiefly owing to the good offices of King Edward, the Grand Duke Michael and the present Tsar have been reconciled, and the Grand Duke has been to a large extent reinstated in the position he lost by his marriage. He has been made an officer in the Russian army, and a considerable portion of the large revenue which is his by right has been restored to him.

Permission has also been accorded to him to return to Russia, provided he leaves the Countess Torby behind; but of this he is hardly likely to avail himself at present. He divides his time at present between his English residence, Keele Hall, in Staffordshire, where he lives the life of an English squire, and the Riviera.

His life has been threatened recently by those who see in every Russian Grand Duke an enemy of the people, but he does not take the threat seriously.

## REJOICINGS IN TOKIO.

The first photograph received from Japan showing the rejoicings in Tokio at the fall of Port Arthur is reproduced on page 9.

Nothing in the whole course of the war has appealed so to the Japanese people as the capture of the great Far Eastern fortress has done. They bitterly resented having had to abandon it, practically to Russia, after brilliantly capturing it during the war with China, and its recapture has been the crowning triumph of their victorious campaign in Manchuria.

When the news reached Tokio the streets were gayly decorated with innumerable flags and banners, as seen in our photograph, and crowds of excited Japs—men, women, and children—paraded the quaint streets exchanging salutations and singing patriotic songs. At night the city was illuminated by thousands of paper lanterns.

## STATE PROCESSION REHEARSALS.

The royal procession to Westminster on the occasion of the opening of Parliament on St. Valentine's Day has been in active rehearsal during the past few days, as may be gathered from the picture on page 9.

The great state coach has been brought out of its retirement and refurbished for the occasion, and the famous team of crimson-coloured horses which will draw it have been taken many times over the route that is to be traversed, in order that they may become accustomed to the sights and sounds of the streets.

Every official who will have a duty to perform on the occasion has been carefully rehearsed in his part, so that each may know exactly what he has to do and there may be no hitch or delay in the proceedings.

## "DAILY MOTORING ILLUSTRATED."

The rapid, recent growth of general interest in motoring, as well as the increasing importance of the motor industry resulting from it, is well evidenced by the fact that a newspaper devoted entirely to the interests of self-propelled vehicles is being produced daily during the great exhibition at Olympia.

This is the first daily paper ever produced in England dealing solely with the vast new industry that has so quickly arisen, and its career will be watched with close attention. Its title, as may be seen on page 9, is the "Daily Motoring Illustrated," and it is a well-worthy ally of the enterprising which brought it into being and of the important subject with which it deals.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
12, WHITEHARTS STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1510 and 2190 Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Referee," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 23, Rue Taubout.

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Sold by all Corn-dealers, and  
THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD., 35, Mark-lane, London, E.C.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

## ARE YOU AN ERGOPHOBIE?

A WRITER in the "British Medical Journal" has discovered what he calls a "new" disease. He gives it the name of "ergophobia." Just as hydrophobia means "fear of water" (the principal symptom of rabies), so ergophobia means "fear of, or aversion to, work."

We were under the impression that this was a very old disease, familiar among all classes (especially those known as the "leisured classes"), liable to affect people of all ages and stations in life. It appears, however, to have become more prevalent since the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act, which compels employers to support workmen suffering from injuries sustained in the course of their work.

The doctor who writes the article gives various instances of men who absolutely refused to go back to their employment, although they were really quite fit for work. They preferred to loaf about on their "disablement allowance." And, unfortunately, when this kind of man takes his case into court, he very often finds stupid or sentimental Judges to back him up. Medical evidence is disregarded, the employer is saddled with the payment of an annuity, and, worst of all, the man becomes a confirmed, wretched, a curse both to the community and to himself.

The main cause of the degenerate attitude of so many working men towards that honest daily toil which alone makes life worth living is deep-seated. It is the feeling which still prevails in this country that it is a finer thing to be idle than to work. How can we expect working men to get rid of this miserable notion so long as they see a large number of those whom they are supposed to regard as "their betters" wasting their whole existences upon frivolous pursuits, and never doing a day's useful work from their cradles to their graves?

It is trivial for rich and titled loafers to gird at working men for not putting their backs into their work. What sort of an example do the latter have set to them by men who do nothing but shoot and hunt and yacht and hang about clubs from one year's end to another? "Ergophobia" is quite as much a pest among the highest as among the lowest strata of our social system.

## A HIDEOUS CHARGE.

We hope an inquiry will be made into the statement by a correspondent of the Paris "Temps" that a girl student in St. Petersburg was recently flogged with horrible cruelty to make her confess, or pretend to confess, her implication in a plot against the Autocracy.

If it be true that this was done by order of the Prefect of Police, the Russian Government has put itself outside the sympathy of all civilised peoples. No Russian who upholds such a system ought to be received in decent society. The whole world should turn away in loathing from men who defend the torture of women in any circumstances whatever.

The Tsar owes it to himself (if not to humanity) to have this hideous accusation investigated at once.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify, but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth saving.—*President Garfield.*

## THE WIDOW AND THE NELSON TEA WOLF.



Nelson's Pension Tea promised in their famous poster, reproduced above, to keep the wolf from the widow's door. To-day 19,000 widows are victims of the Nelson Pension wolf.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. George R. Sims, indefatigable journalist, melodramatist, and inventor of the Tatcho Hair Restorer, on his becoming a knight, not as you might expect, of the Order of the Barber's Pole, but of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf (First Class). Mr. Sims has been feeding the hungry world with "Mustard and Cress" for more than twenty-five years. During all that time he has not once missed those three columns of his in the "Referee" every Sunday morning. He sits up all night writing. In the morning, when most people are turning over in their slumbers, he sallies forth, and posts his "copy." Then he goes to bed, just as less privileged people are getting up.

Mr. Sims has always detested going to bed early. As a very young man he went to Bonn, to be taught German in a tutor's house. He discovered that the

tutor required his pupils to be in their rooms by nine o'clock in the evening. As Mr. Sims paid not the smallest attention to this rule the tutor locked him one evening in his room at eight o'clock. "Go out to-night will you?" he shouted derisively through the keyhole. Mr. Sims took his advice. He made a rope of his bed-clothes, lowered himself into the street, and was seen in Bonn no more. Then his parents made him go into an office in London.

Lady Grey-Egerton, who leaves England to-day, with her husband's aunt, Lady Selkirk, to escape the severities of spring in Madeira, is one of the prettiest of our "American aristocracy." She was a Miss May Cuyler, and she married Sir Philip Grey-Egerton in 1893. She has become completely anglicised now. I remember her defending English one against a patronising Yankee with immense fervour. She thinks England in many ways a paradise compared to her native land, and particularly in the matter of education. In America she told me once, all children are spoiled. "And that shall never happen to my children," she added, pointing to her little girl and her charming twin boys.

Lady Selkirk, who is to be Lady Grey-Egerton's companion in travel, is very fond of Americans. She is one of the most famous of society chaperons and has often "brought out" young American girls. Amongst her proteges was Miss Astor, who went about with her five years ago. Lady Selkirk has rather a curious, "haunted" expression. I remember thinking when I saw her, with the rather top-heavy peeress's coronet on, at the Coronation, that she was perplexed about its safety. But since then I have noticed that this expression is habitual with her. She is so far from being really haunted, however, that she is not afraid to live in the famous ghost-hidden house in Berkeley-square.

It is a relief to hear that Mr. Williams Benn, besides being chairman of the London County Council, is a playwright, scene-painter, and car-

## IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 10.—Here (in an Isle of Wight garden) not only are the spring flowers very far advanced, but several summer blossoms can be found. To-day I have picked violets and wall-flowers, and also pink roses, marigolds, etc.

This garden has several beautiful features, which, although few will be able to imitate them, are pleasant to linger over. A stream, in which water-loving plants are growing, flows through the centre of it, making music that sweetly mingles with the faraway sea-murmur.

North and east winds are unknown in this garden of contentment.  
Out at sea battleships may speak of war, but here is peace.  
E. F. T.

pent, and will give a proof of his dramatic and mechanical talents before a very select audience at his house at Blackheath this afternoon. Mr. Benn, author of "The Last of the Trojans," has obviously a soul above street-lighting and the sewage question. He had quite a distinguished position in the House of Commons, where he sat from 1899 to 1898, and made vastly appreciated jokes about the County Council, of which he was even then a prominent member.

He used often to amuse the House enormously by making, with a very serious face, the most ridiculous promises to improve the arrangements of the building. "We look forward," he told the jaded members once, "to being able to give hon. members a little good fishing from the Terrace of the House of Commons before long." The imagined picture of grave dignitaries seated in frock-coats and top-hats, with their legs dangling over the parapet, angling in the muddy Thames, aroused a roar of laughter, and might have tempted the pencil of "F. C. G."

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Earl Spencer.

HE is the recognised head of the Liberal Party, and, if, at the coming election, his Party is returned to power, we are almost certain to find him Prime Minister. He has long been the leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords.

He has already issued a manifesto to his Party, setting forth the Liberal programme. Though he is still known as the Red Earl, it is no longer an appropriate title. The fiery beard from which he got his name is hardly red now. There is more grey in it than anything else. Twenty years ago, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the second time, his beard was a beacon signalling his presence, and he was implored to shave, for Fenianism was open and unabashed. But he refused, and his courage won the heart of many who had vowed his death.

To-day, though he has still the same majestic bearing that has always distinguished him, and though his back is still straight, his stride free and swift, he is an old man, and the piercing eyes have sunk deep under the heavy eyebrows, and the whole face is now a mass of wrinkles.

Nothing in the course of his life has aged him like the death of his wife, a couple of years ago. Till then, though he had almost lost his right to his nickname, he was still a man of many interests. He still bred cattle as keenly as ever. His hackneys, his dairy cows, and his shorthorns were an absorbing hobby, and he was known far and wide as a genial sportsman.

He is a politician, as a matter of course. It is hereditary with him. One of his last posts was as first Lord of the Admiralty. His father and his grandfather had both held it before him.



# NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS.

## TO LURE RECRUITS.



Recruiting sergeants have now been supplied with neat little cockades, as seen in the above photograph, as an additional adornment.

## "BLIND BILLY" MISSING.



He is a well-known character at South-end, where he plays in the streets, and has not been seen or heard of for some weeks.

## GRAND DUKE MICHAEL,

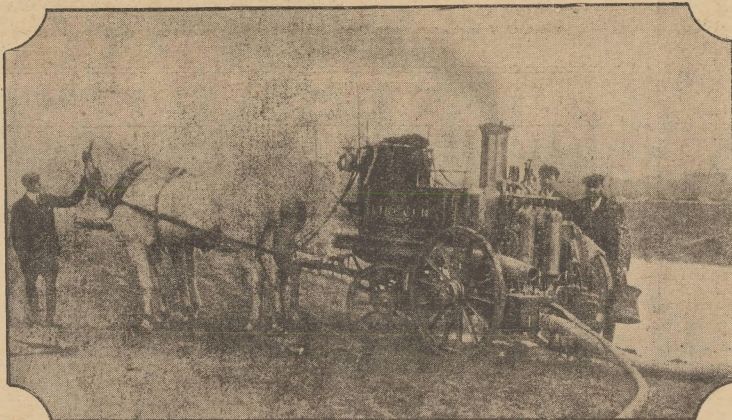


Who is seen on the right of the photograph, has just turned the Villa Meridien at Cannes into a hospital for Russian wounded officers.

## SCENES IN FEVER-STRICKEN LINCOLN.



The Drill Hall at Lincoln now being used as an auxiliary hospital for fever patients. Accommodation has been made here for nearly one hundred beds. The progress of the outbreak of typhoid is causing intense alarm among inhabitants of the city and suburbs.



A fire engine at work flushing the sewage and drain pipes at Lincoln as a preventative measure against the spread of the infection. Doctors and contingents of nurses are arriving daily to take charge of the patients.



Inhabitants obtaining water from a conduit. Many hundreds of the people have declined to drink the town supply, and all day long they may be seen in long lines with their buckets at these old conduits, which were established by the Grey Friars of Lincoln hundreds of years ago.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

## AT THE LYCE



Mlle. Van Parys, of the Lyceum Theatre, who is playing under the management of the Lyceum Theatre.

## LAST



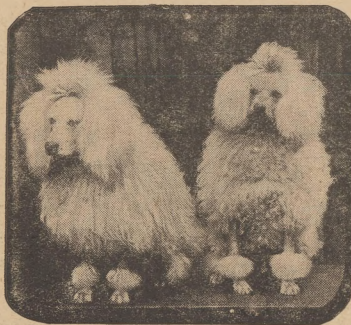
The band of German gypsies and pony, on the way to the town, where they entered the town, and supplied the town with water.



# MIRROR CAMERAGRAPHS.

TO-NIGHT.

SOME OF THE CHAMPION DOGS AND PRIZE-WINNERS AT CRUFT'S SHOW.



Mrs. Crouch's L'Enfant Prodigue (1st open and specials) and Orchard Snowman (2nd limit and specials).



Her Majesty the Queen's Borzoi, Sandringham Moscow, first prize-winner, and already the winner of a championship at Birmingham.



Mrs. L. W. Crouch's magnificent long-haired poodle, which was awarded the first prize and championship of its class.

## JAP'S SECRET MISSION.



Major S. Inagaki, of the Imperial Japanese Cavalry, who has just come to London on a secret mission. He was one of Marshal Oyama's staff officers in Manchuria.

## REHEARSING FOR TUESDAY'S ROYAL PAGEANT.



Under the personal direction of Major-General Ewart, his Majesty's Crown Equerry, the first full rehearsal of Tuesday's royal procession for the state opening of Parliament by the King took place yesterday morning. This photograph shows the royal carriages in the mews ready to start.

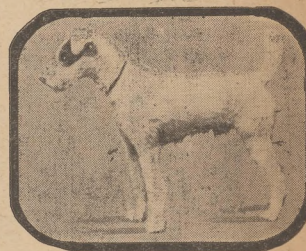
## CELEBRATING THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR IN TOKIO.



A street scene in Tokio, with multitudinous flags and lanterns, during the celebrations in connection with the fall of Port Arthur.



Champion Bloomsbury Young King, winner of championships at the Crystal Palace, Edinburgh, and Birmingham. He is admitted to be the best bull terrier exhibited at the show, and holds an unbeaten record.



Mr. C. Houliker's fox terrier, Champion Dunky Admiral, winner of first and champion prizes.

## THE GERMAN GIPSIES.



at Grimsby before they sailed, with their three of Leeds, for Hamburg. Prior to embarking persistent begging succeeded in obtaining large to last them on the voyage

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No. 1. Vol. 1.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1905.

ONE PENNY.

THE THIRD ANNUAL MOTOR CAR SHOW OF THE SOCIETY OF

"Daily Motoring Illustrated" is issued during the Olympia show. Its publication demonstrates the immense interest nowadays taken in the motor-car.



OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

Scene.—Large and fashionable shop in the West End—one of those interesting places which have sprung up of late years, where you can be supplied with anything from a reel of cotton to a steam-yacht.

Mrs. Andrew Hodgson-Smyth—please observe the correct spelling of her name, especially the hyphen—was giving a dance, and in her gold-mounted pocket-book she was ticking off items required.

She had ordered a band, and had bargained that it should be a bigger band, and a better band than anyone else had engaged during the season.

She had ordered a dance-programme, with more gilt-lettering than anybody else had on dance-programmes. She had given the most extravagant directions for everything.

"What about dancing gentlemen?" said the man who had been entering her order. He understood the sort of customer he had to serve.

"Dancing gentlemen?" echoed Mrs. Hodgson-Smyth, so surprised that she dropped her gold-mounted umbrella.

"Yes, ma'am," said the wily shopman. "So many ladies have been engaging them this season. You see, gentlemen in the best society don't seem to care for dancing, and sometimes it is quite difficult to keep the ball rolling, so to speak. Of course, the gentlemen we send out quite understand a hostess's difficulties, and they dance with ladies who—ch—would probably not get partners."

Mrs. Hodgson-Smyth was sorely puzzled.

"I have never done such a thing," she said hesitatingly. "What do you think, Gwendoline?"

Gwendoline thought it would be rather "fun." For a moment her look of utter boredom left her face. "You see they could dance with Grace, if there was nobody else."

The idea of hiring people to "dance with Grace" seemed to please Mrs. Hodgson-Smyth immensely. She commanded the assistant to book "seven dancing gentlemen" at once.

On the night of the dance the Hodgson-Smyth mansion in Park-lane was ablaze with electric light. The guests had not begun to arrive. Mrs. Hodgson-Smyth and her daughter, literally bristling with diamonds, were in the main drawing-room waiting to receive them.

Suddenly a man appeared in the curtained doorway—quite a young man, well-dressed, and well set-up, with an easy, tranquil manner. To be sure, he was a stranger, but that didn't amount to much, as many of her guests were only the acquaintances of a few weeks.

She welcomed him gushingly. A keen observer would have noticed a faint trace of amusement on the young fellow's face.

"I have come from Birkett's Stores," he said quietly, "to assist you with your dancing arrangements."

"I will let you know which ladies you are to dance with," she said. "In fact, my niece—ah! here she is—will take charge of you."

As she spoke a girl entered the room, who was a pleasing contrast to both Mrs. Hodgson-Smyth and her daughter. There was nothing gold-mounted about her. In short, Miss Grace Smyth—without the Hodgson, please—was a pretty, English girl, good humoured and well bred.

"Grace, you will take care of Mr.—I forget your name—and see that he dances with those who can't get partners."

The two young people bowed slightly to one another. He retained his composure. Grace, on the other hand, directly her eyes rested on him, flushed scarlet, while a look of mingled annoyance and amusement flashed into her dark eyes.

Luckily her aunt didn't notice it. In a moment or two she left them alone. There was a moment's embarrassing silence. Then, "I wonder if you are feeling very angry with me?" he inquired.

"I don't think I feel anything at all," said the young lady with much dignity.

"You see, I was determined to get an introduction to you somehow, and I couldn't think of any other method," he exclaimed breathlessly. "You couldn't expect me to be satisfied for ever with seeing you in the park."

"I couldn't get hold of anybody who knew your people," he added, "so I thought I would turn up as a professional dancing-man. Of course, it's awful cheek on my part, but—"

"Then you were not sent by Birkett's?" she asked with a gasp.

"No such luck. I've never succeeded in earning twopenny in my life. Wish I could. Do you think your aunt will ever forgive me? Have you forgiven me?"

"What for? For turning up?"

He nodded.

"I'll try to forgive you," she said critically.

"But who are you?"

"That's just like me," he said, "I thought you knew. My governor's the Duke of Weybridge, and I'm his youngest son. I'm called Lord Arthur Sutton. What are you laughing at?"

"Because I think that will possibly insure Aunt Emma's forgiveness. She has a weakness for that sort of thing."

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN,



Who plays the principal part in Mr. Sidney Grundy's new play, "The Diplomats," produced to-night at the Royalty Theatre. — (London Stereoscopic.)

But he knew that he could not. At this very moment he would have given everything he had for the tall, white girl, and he walked with her gladly through a stony desert, and held it dearer than any flower-strewn path.

He looked so grave while he pondered these things that Joan thought he must be angry.

"Oughtn't I to have come?" she asked. "Have I displeased you? But mother said I should never see you again, and I felt I must come to say good-bye."

"Displeased me!" For a moment an agony of yearning darkened his eyes. But he spoke composedly, although his voice was not quite steady. "No, Blue Eyes, I am only very sad, because you are going away."

"So am I," she said, "but it seems there is no help for it." She looked up at him with implicit, unquestioning faith. There was something that unnerved him in her manner. It was as if she recognised that they two were victims of some malign force, and she ranged herself on his side, although they were to be separated for ever. It was as if she said to him, "We must part through no fault of our own. We must suffer for someone else."

And the man trembled before this crystalline simplicity.

He came nearer to her and stood with his back to the mantelpiece looking down into her face.

"Are you sure that there is no help for it, Blue Eyes?" he asked. A hoarse note crept into his voice. He was struggling with an overmastering temptation.

"Quite sure," she answered. "You see, I could not do a thing that mother thinks would be so dreadful. Could I?"

"It is not dreadful," the man said fiercely.

"Mother said that she would rather see me lying dead at her feet," said Joan in a low voice full of pain. "She said that if I married you she would kill herself. She swore that."

Anthony Heron muttered furious words under his breath. When he had been with Vanna he had almost come to see as she did. Now she seemed to him a monster, poisoning her own daughter's life with her foul and venomous breath.

His eyes sparkled. "What a bit of luck."

Later that same night Mrs. Hodgson-Smyth took her niece seriously to task for giving so much of her programme to this "young man," who ought to have been earning his fee by dancing with dowagers.

"I shall complain to Birkett's in the morning about his behaviour and refuse to pay his fee," she said spitefully.

"I certainly shouldn't pay his fee," said her niece sympathetically. "He came here under false pretences, and wasn't sent by Birkett's at all."

"Who is he?" said her aunt sternly.

"A son of the Duke of Weybridge—Lord Arthur Sutton."

The expression on Mrs. Hodgson-Smyth's face was a study, but she was speechless.

"And it's so tiresome," continued her niece, in the same casual tones, "he wants me to marry him."

"A likely story," said her aunt, politely.

"It does sound improbable," said Grace, "but it seems they have no brains in the Sutton family. Of course, I refused him."

"However," said Miss Grace, moving towards the door, in readiness for a parting thrust. "I may change my mind some day, and if I ever become Lady Arthur Sutton, I shall be very pleased to present both you and Gwendoline at Court. Good-night! I've had such a jolly evening."

A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.  
I am the bright and morning star.—Rev. xiii. 18.

Have you ever seen the Lorning star advantageously? If it was on your way home from a night's carousal, you saw none of its beauty. If you merely turned over on your pillow in the darkness, glancing out of the window, you knew nothing about the cheerful influence of that star.

But there are many who, in tremendous passes of their life, some of them far out at sea, have gazed at that star and been thrilled through with indescribable gladness. That star comes trembling as though with the perils of the darkness, and yet bright with the anticipation of the day. It seems emotional with all tenderness, its eyes filled with the tears of many sorrows.

It is the gen on the hand of the morning thrust up to signal its coming—bright, and brilliant, and triumphant symbol of the great Redeemer.

The telegraphic operator puts his finger on the silver key of the electric instrument, and the tidings fly across the Continent; and so it seems to me that the finger of inspiration is placed upon the silver point in the heavens, and it thrills through all the earth. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Behold, I am the bright and morning star."

The meaning of my text is this: as the morning star precedes and promises the coming of the day, so Christ heralds the natural and spiritual dawn.

Again, Christ heralds the dawn of millennial glory. It is night in China, night in India, night in Siberia, night for the vast majority of the world's population. But it seems to me there are some intimations of the morning.

What is that light I see breaking over the top of the mountains? The morning. The empurpled clouds shall guard the path of the conquering day. The Hottentot will come out of his mud hovel to look at the dawn. The Chinaman will come up on the granite cliffs, and all the beach of heaven will be crowded with celestial inhabitants come out to see the sun rise over the ocean.

"But if I were to take you away, Blue Eyes," he went on. "If we were to go right away, to the other side of the world, where no one would know us. We would forget everyone, and they would forget us."

"But mother would know," said Joan sadly. "You see, she is all alone. I could not leave her." The man's face was set. Deep lines seemed suddenly to have been graven in it. His hands were clenched at his sides.

"And if I were to carry you off despite yourself," he asked in a tense voice.

"I should not allow you to," she said.

"Do you think you could prevent me, Blue Eyes?" Suddenly he leaned down and put his arms round her. He felt her heart fluttering, his eyes burned into hers. "Blue Eyes, would you want to prevent me?" he murmured. Nobody had ever heard that tone in Anthony Heron's voice before. There was a longing in it that was more than passion, an aching, immeasurable tenderness that passed over all things that were external, even her beauty, and reached out to her very soul.

The girl looked with troubled eyes into his face, so close to hers that his breath fanned her cheeks.

"You would not want me to do anything that is wrong," she said simply.

He released her almost roughly, and paced up and down the room with restless, miserable steps.

"Oh, Blue Eyes, what is right and what is wrong?" he cried. "It is right that I should have you for my wife. It is wrong that I should go lonely all my days."

But he knew that he was conquered. That wild impulse to defy everybody, to take no heed of all that stood between them, was driven back before the invincible power of the girl's innocence.

That was what conquered him; that was the thing that was stronger than he, and before which he trembled. He was no coward; he faced the truth, and bowed to it. The girl did not understand the nature of the black gulf that yawned between them. He would face everything, defy everything, but never the possibility that one day

(Continued on page 11.)



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A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON  
and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Sure, Nature set her in this place  
To bloom her tender whiteness all about us,  
And break our hearts—and then bloom on without us."  
—*Maurice Hewlett*. (from the Italian).

"I have come to say good-bye."

Anthony Heron's hands slowly relaxed their grip on the girl's wrists and fell to his sides. All other thoughts vanished beside the crushing significance of those simple words.

He did not think of the comment her visit might arouse, of the fury of her mother, if she discovered it, and the displeasure of Lady Betty, or the trouble it might cause between her and the Duke. He only knew that she was going away, out of his life, and that she had come to say good-bye.

A fierce rebellion filled his soul. Why should he let her go? Was not this a sign that they were meant for one another? She had come of her own free will.

She did not seem in the least embarrassed or dismayed. She sat down in one of the Empire chairs, and looked at him trustfully out of her great blue eyes.

It was graven indelibly on his heart—that little white serious face, that sudden, enchanting smile made his sunshine. Without her life was a weariness and a burden.

Why should he allow Vanna to separate him from her? What did Lady Betty understand of him, even though she understood most things, and had a heart of gold? They both thought that he would go away and forget very soon. Or even if they did not think he would forget, they thought that he was so strong, and had so many things, that he could do without her love.



## ROYAL ROMANCE.

Belgian Princess Who Defies Her  
Father's Veto on Her Love.

### A LONG STRUGGLE.

She Will Marry Her Prince Though He Has  
a Wife and Family Already.

At the present moment Belgium is in the throes of another royal quarrel, occasioned by the determination attributed to Princess Clementine, King Leopold's youngest daughter, to marry Prince Victor Napoleon, the pretender to the French throne, in spite of her father, who opposes the marriage for political reasons.

King Leopold's subjects had made up their minds that she who has been regarded as their queen since her mother's death would never marry. The sorrowful stories of her elder sisters, Princess Louise of Coburg and Princess Stephanie, had, they told themselves, induced Princess Clementine to forswear matrimony.

But Prince Victor Napoleon's visits to the Belgian Court had the effect of altering Princess Clementine's decision, if, indeed, the resolution never to marry was ever made. Years ago it was understood that she would marry her cousin, the late Prince Baudouin, eldest son of the Count of Flanders. But the young man had the misfortune to be killed in a duel.

#### STRUCK BY HER MOTHER.

But the Princess did not regard her disappointment in that light. She lived quietly at the palace at Spa, and was her mother's constant companion for a time. Then, an incident occurred which showed that she possesses the iron will of her father. One day Queen Henrietta was riding a restive horse. An expert horsewoman, she was applying the whip vigorously. Princess Clementine's compassion went out to the animal.

"You are martyring the poor beast, mamma!" she cried.

Her Majesty resented this interference. A flush of anger mounted to her cheeks. She raised the whip, and the lash fell full on the Princess's face.

Princess Clementine left Spa that same evening. She returned, but only to attend the Queen's funeral.

That is a story which sufficiently indicates the strength of will of the Princess who is now defying her father. When she consented to be wooed by Prince Victor Napoleon, in spite of the fact that he has a "morganatic" wife and family, she boldly informed King Leopold of her love-affair.

The King became angry. "You will never marry this exiled pretender!" he cried.

"Never! There are grave, political reasons, as you must see for yourself, against the marriage. France is a Republic, and has no love for pretenders. My country is on excellent terms with the Republic, and I do not want those relations to be disturbed, as they would be by the marriage of a French pretender with my daughter—the daughter of a monarch whose capital is only

four hours' journey from Paris. You understand." At first, Princess Clementine bowed to this decision. But shortly afterwards father and daughter became estranged. There were few walks together on the promenade at Ostend, and the straining-point of the relations was reached one day at Laeken. A lady of the Court was walking in the park with the King and Baron Moy, the commandant of the palace. Princess Clementine appeared, but turned away her head.

King Leopold demanded an explanation. He even went further. He requested that the Princess should ask his pardon. True to her firm will, the King's own will, she refused, and went away weeping.

Princess Clementine then informed the Prince, who loved her, that she was ready to marry him. The affair came to the King's ears. He became angrier than ever. There were hints that the Princess was suffering from neurosthenia, and by the orders of his Majesty she was sent to Laeken, where she was virtually a prisoner. A strict watch was kept upon her; even her letters were opened.

At last the confinement and the anguish of mind she suffered told upon Princess Clementine's

#### WELCH, THE VERSATILE.



Mr. James Welch, the popular actor, who delighted the Lyceum audience last night with his famous song, "A Square Peg in a Round Hole."—(Reinhold Thiele.)

health, which had always been robust. Three weeks ago she broke down. Doctors were called in; they ordered travel, and this is the explanation of the Princess's sojourn at Saint Raphael. Meanwhile Prince Victor Napoleon has been endeavouring to overcome every obstacle to his marriage with the Princess. It was with this object in view that he went to Austria in order to beg the Emperor Francis Joseph to approach King Leopold on his behalf. It is also expected that the King of Italy, who is a firm friend of Prince Victor Napoleon, will make an appeal to his Majesty.

Thus the matter lies. In the meantime official Notes are being issued from the Belgian Court enumerating the obstacles to the match.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

The Evicted Milkmaids—Protest from  
Lady Seafield.

I have been very much touched by the eviction of the two old women who have sold milk for so many years in St. James's Park.

One would have thought that the permission which was granted to their ancestors 300 years ago to erect a stall there would by now have grown into a legal right.

Now that their removal is necessary, surely they have every right to compensation. As a rule, English law is only too ready to grant it.  
NINA SEAFIELD.

I feel sure many of your readers must feel sympathy with the poor old women who were evicted from their position in St. James's Park.

I for one should be happy to contribute my mite if you will get up a subscription for them.  
PINNER.  
ALLAN FEA.

#### CLERGYMAN'S NAME FORGED.

The letter with my name and address in the *Daily Mirror* of February 9 is entirely a forgery.

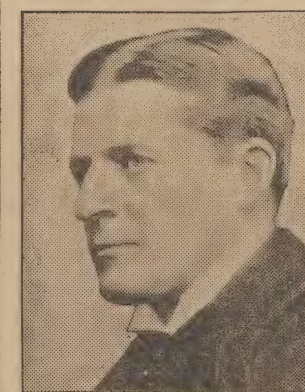
It is to me a painfully gross invention, putting into my mouth words against me I respect most thoroughly, and attributing to me ideas about Christianity in comparison with tobacco which I should consider shameful in any earnest Christian.

I trust that in justice you will allow me as publicly to state that neither did I write the letter, nor does it convey any but opposite views to my own.  
F. S. LEE.

Christ Church, Mitcham Vicarage, Feb. 10, 1905.

[The letter referred to dealt with the question of the Torrey-Alexander mission. Evidently the signature was a forgery. We greatly regret having been imposed upon.—EDITOR, *Daily Mirror*.]

#### LORD INVERCLYDE.



The shipping magnate, who narrowly escaped injury from the Glasgow railway explosion.—(Boresford.)

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

those great, grave eyes would be turned on him in horror, and loathing, and scorn.

One day Joan Tempest must understand, and then, if he had carried her off and married her in the teeth of all opposition—and he knew that he could if he chose, for love is stronger than all things—and she hated and despised him for what he had done, then he would be no better than if he had betrayed her.

So, for once, Anthony Heron rose above himself, and for the sake of an ideal; and, under the magic touch of a high and selfless passion, his face was softened to a wonderful tenderness, and he came to her side and raised her from her chair to her feet.

"You must go now, Blue Eyes," he said gently. "Think of me sometimes, and pity me, for I shall never find fairer land now."

"Nor shall I," she answered. "And I shall always think of you—Mr. Anthony."

He shook his head sadly. It seemed to him that he saw the future in a prophetic vision. "You will be happy, my Blue Eyes," he said gently, "because you deserve to be. And you will forget me—perhaps not quite, but I shall become a dim memory, until the day comes when you will hate me."

"How could I ever hate you?" she cried, with a touch of childish indignation.

"Never mind," he said, his voice growing quieter and more straggly far away. "I made a mistake, and think of me as if I were dead. And will you marry the Duke, Blue Eyes?"

She shook her head; there were great tears in her eyes.

"You are cruel," she said. "How can I marry him? I have told him already that I made a mistake, and that I don't care for him. Do you think I am a child—and that I don't know or understand, and can't you see that I am very, very unhappy?"

"No, no," he said, and his voice was gentle as that of a mother soothing her child. "You must not be unhappy, Blue Eyes. Others have suffered—will suffer; but not you. See, you must forget me. It is right that you should. When are you going away?"

"Tonight. We are going to Rome."

"Are you fond of Rome?"

"Yes, but the big ruins will make me feel lonely."

I want to go back to England, where there are trees and fields, and everything is peaceful and green. We are going there afterwards."

"I shall go away, too, to-night," he said, as if talking to himself.

"Good-bye, Mr. Anthony."

"Good-bye, Blue Eyes." His voice was strangled. For a moment he opened his arms wide, as if he would gather her to his breast and crush her in one last despairing embrace. Then he drew back and bent down and laid his lips gently on her brow.

And just then there came a sharp knock at the door.

Anthony Heron immediately became the man of the world, only anxious that the girl should not be found by any stranger in his room. He signed to her to go over to the window, and himself went to the door and opened it about an inch.

"To-night, I want to talk to you," said Lady Betty Somerville, who stood outside, having just returned from the Rue Marboeuf.

"Lady Betty!" cried Joan, recognising her friend's voice.

Lady Betty brushed the man aside, and, running across the room, seized the girl by the hand.

"Joan, what does this mean?" she cried shrilly.

"What are you doing here?"

"I was just going," said the girl. "I came to say good-bye."

"Say it then," exclaimed Lady Betty imperatively. She had recovered her wits.

"I have said it."

"Then, come with me."

The girl walked out of the room. Her last look was for Anthony Heron; it was long, it lingered,

and clung to his face. In it mingled the sorrow of a woman with the regret of a child.

When they were outside Lady Betty's agitation gave vent in shrill words.

"What were you doing here? It was wrong of you to come, and you must drive home at once. Your mother will be very anxious."

"I was not persuaded," said Joan, with simple dignity. "I came of my own accord."

"What for?"

"I have told you, Lady Betty; to say good-bye. You don't understand, any of you. You think I am a child. You think I shall go away and forget. But you are wrong. I shall never be happy again."

Lady Betty groaned aloud, not because she believed the girl's vehement assurance, but because she wondered how much more harm this one man had been born to.

In the lobby of the hotel she bent and kissed the girl.

"Good-bye, my dear. I am going to put you into a cab, and you must drive home at once. Your mother will be very anxious."

Joan kissed Lady Betty, but without enthusiasm. She seemed absent. She was touched by the solemnity of a great renunciation. It was with her as it is with many; the inevitable had been presented to her as if it were a free choice, and she felt like one of the chosen ones who walk on high Olympus with the gods.

Lady Betty went back at once to Anthony Heron. She found him standing by the window.

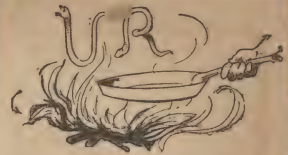
"She has gone," he said in a far-away voice.

"Tony," she asked bitterly, "why could you not let her be?"

"I have let her be," he answered. "I have spared her. She came here, Lady Betty, of her own accord. She would have come still farther; she would have come anywhere, if I had chosen. But I let her go, not for your accused methodism and not for her mother's hysteria, but because of her own whiteness; because a man cannot make a bargain with a person who does not understand the terms."

"It does not matter," said Lady Betty thank-

(Continued on page 13.)



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## SECOND PICTURE OF THE NEW COMPETITION FOR CLEVER LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

CORNER FOR THE  
LITTLE ONES.VERDICT UPON LAST WEEK'S DRAW-  
INGS AND A FRESH ONE FOR  
THIS WEEK.

Well done, dear little boys and girls, and thank you very much indeed for your nice drawings. A persevering little girl actually sent in three pictures, and one of them is very good. Some of you have used colours, but we don't want that this time. Perhaps there will be a competition for chalk or painting later.

The best picture this week has been sent in by

JOYCE BURGESS,  
The Ridge, Chipping Sudbury,  
Gloucester.

On this page is another outline picture of the little people in our story. We want each young reader to finish it off with a pen or pencil. They write their age, name, and address on a piece of paper and pin or paste it with stamp-paper (that is best) to the picture. Pack it in an envelope addressed "Children's Competition, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, and post it so that it reaches here on Wednesday morning at latest. We shall announce the name of the sender of the best picture next Saturday, and publish another outline to be filled up. When the story is finished there will be prizes given to those who have sent in the best pictures all through.

## "MY DIARY," BY DICK.

RANK DISOBEDIENCE AND PROMPT  
PUNISHMENT.

Every morning since Christmas when I woke up I've looked out of the window, hoping it had had the sense to freeze, and it hadn't. I tried walking about in the garden in my skates, but I had had given to me, but it wasn't much fun. Then at last we had two frosty mornings running, and I was just mad with delight. I walked down to the Rectory pond.

The ice on it was all smooth and slippery-looking, and I sent a few stones spinning over it. I put my foot on the very edge of the ice, and it cracked. Next day there was a bit of frost, but not much, and father said of course the ice would not bear, and I mustn't go near the Rectory pond.

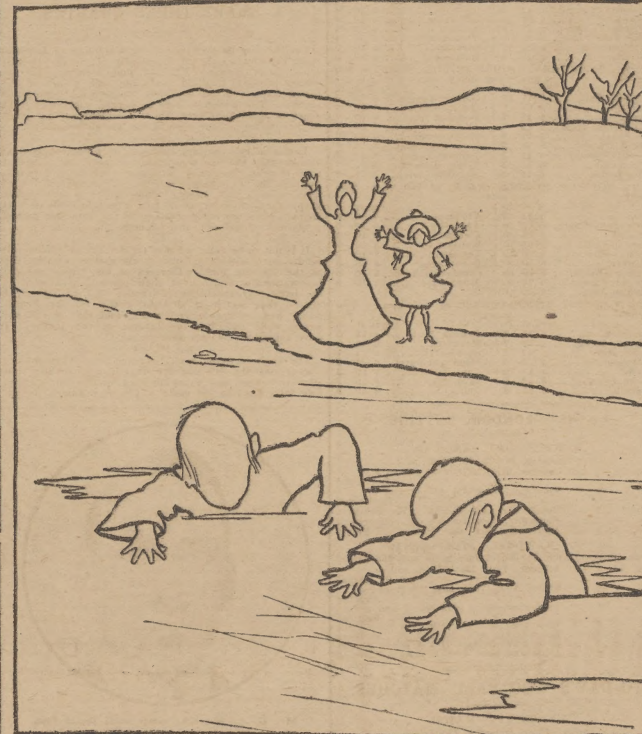
## Tempted by Ice.

I went out in the garden and munched about, feeling rather sick, and wishing I had had a torpedo-bomb instead of those rotten skates. Mabel Jane came out carrying her new doll and looking very pleased with herself, and said, "I told you there wouldn't be any skating this year. You had much better not have said you wanted skates. I'm very glad I chose Miranda" (that's the new doll's name).

As I got to the turnstile in the path that leads to the pond I met Bobby Spooner. "Ice won't bear," he said. "Nobody allowed on it." "I'm not going on it," I said. "I'm just going to look at it." "Oh," he said, "I'll come and look, too." When we got there anyone could see the ice was as thick as anything.

"Going on?" he asked. "Father said I mustn't," I said. "Well, I'm not afraid. I say,

Dick, you might just lend us your skates for five ticks." "No more am I afraid," I said. "I don't want to lend them to you. I'm going to wear them myself." And I sat down and strapped them on. I seemed rather mean to go on by myself. So I said I would lend him one skate. It struck me.



This is the outline illustration from our children's story. All the little ones who competed last week and hundreds of other children who want to win a prize must fill the drawing in and send it to the "*Daily Mirror*." See conditions above.

too, that it might be easier to get along with only one as I hadn't skated before.

Not many people go across the Rectory path, and you cannot see the pond from the house. To tell you the truth, I was glad, as I knew if anyone spotted us and told father there would be a fine row. Presently, however, I saw someone in the distance. It was Pip and her governess. "I say, Bobby, take off your skate quick; here's Pip and old Brownie." "I'm not going to do anything of the sort," said Bobby. "But father said I wasn't

to go near the ice." "Well, my father didn't tell me not to."

He just meant to show off before Pip on my skate. I wasn't going to be done by him, so I struck out. I hit a bit of rough ice and fell over and there was an awful deep cracking noise, and

been there to say good-bye to. Bobby's voice said: "Hold on, Dick, they'll fetch someone!" And then I saw Pip's black legs flying over the ground. After what seemed an awful time the Rectory gardener came with a ladder and we were hauled out.

Pip actually cried. Most unusual for her. She said it was for joy.

I must say that Bobby acted like a trump. He tried to make out that it was all his fault, and that he had persuaded me to go on. Of course I said it wasn't.

As for father, he never said anything about it, I knew we had had a jolly near shave, as the water



This is the prize-picture of the week, produced just half the size that it was originally. It is the clever work of Joyce Burgess, The Ridge, Chipping Sudbury, Gloucester, and a particularly pleasing production.

was nine feet deep, and I felt—well, I felt a good bit ashamed of myself. I think boys are rather fools when they disobey their fathers. My father is a brick.

I never thought I should have such excitements as this to write about when I began my Diary.

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**POWDER**

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

fully. "The reason is nothing; the result is the same. When are you going away, Tony?"

"To-night."

"So am I. So are we all. It is a good sign. Let us begin afresh."

They shook hands. The man could not be angry with the woman; the woman cared no less for the man because she was angry with him.

They travelled back to London on the same train; but they saw nothing of one another. Anthony Heron stood at one of the windows in the corridor the whole night through, looking out into the impenetrable darkness. Lady Betty slept like a top. She was easy in her mind now. She had achieved what was right and what was alone possible. She did not fear for Tony. He had so many interests. She did not fear for the girl. She was accustomed to suffering. It seemed that she must be the scapegoat for them all.

"What is the matter with Tony Heron?" was a question that she asked a hundred times during the first days after her return.

"What should be the matter with him?" she answered one and all. "He is very busy; he is probably working too hard. He's got a bigger thing on hand than any of you imagine."

"It is not business, Lady Betty," said a young and lovely woman to her, three nights after her return, in a crowded ballroom. "He looks utterly different. If it weren't Tony, I should say that he is in love." Her voice took on a hard note, for she had a very tender place in her heart for him; herself, and he was not aware of her existence, and she knew it well enough.

"If Tony's in love, my dear Lady Lorne," answered Lady Betty, with her brilliant, somewhat

mocking smile, "it is with a black, hard, shining creature called Coal."

The younger woman turned away impatiently, and took what comfort she might from this uncompromising speech.

"He might have come to-night," she told herself miserably. "I wrote and asked him to—just to please me."

Meanwhile, at that very moment, Anthony Heron, in the smoking-room of his club in Pall Mall, was refusing to take a hand at bridge.

"Well, come and have a game of billiards," suggested another man.

"No, thanks," said Tony. "Not to-night."

"Why aren't you at Lady Palmerdine's ball?" asked the third. "There'll be so many lovely, disappointed ladies, and so many gorgeous gowns put on in vain."

"Don't be an ass!" said Tony, curtly. "I'm going home. I'm not feeling very fit."

He walked up St. James's-street, slowly, with his eyes on the pavement. He was furious and impatient and utterly sick at heart. Nothing interested him; there was nothing more in life. Even his work had lost its savour; the gigantic combinations that he controlled were like a game played by a child. He cared no more for controlling the world's coal supply than he did for collecting the stray hairpins that women dropped in the street.

He cared for nothing; he wanted nothing. He saw nothing but a pair of huge, blue eyes, and a small, white face, and a mass of bronze red hair.

In Piccadilly a woman sidled up to him. She was pretty and pale under her rouge and dye. She lifted great eyes to his, wistful under their boldness; and there was an unutterable sadness under her brown grin.

He turned from her with loathing, but emptied the contents of his pockets into her greedy hands.

(To be continued.)

the ice split under our feet, and we were both in the cold water.

I came up spluttering and choking, and clutched onto the ice, and I saw Pip and Brownie screaming on the bank, and I wished father and mother had

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## SOUTHERN LEAGUE MATCHES

Cup-tie Interests Dwarf Ordinary Routine Games—Bristol Rovers' Chance.

## MR. MacGREGOR AND THE SOUTH.

The chief football matches to-day are, of course, the "Varsity" match and the Rugby international between Ireland and England at 2 o'clock. With the "Templar" and "Touch Judge" will deal, and as "Throstle" had his say on Football League fixtures yesterday, there is but the Southern League for me to-day.

Matters in that competition promise to be fairly interesting. Two games will be played in London, and of these perhaps the meeting of Brentford and Queen's Park Rangers will arouse the greater interest, the almost local rivalry of the teams being very keen indeed. Taking the season throughout, Brentford have been the more consistent side, and although it is difficult to prophesy against the sometimes brilliant Rangers, I think Brentford will improve their goal average and points list as the result of to-day's meeting.

New Brompton always play interesting football, and when West Ham visited them in October they met with a heavy defeat by no fewer than 3 goals to 0 at the hands of the "Men of Kent." During the last few weeks, however, West Ham have been playing in better form, and I quite expect to see them turn the tables on their former conquerors.

Perhaps the teams still in the entrancing struggle for the Cup claim the most interest. So far as the Southern League is concerned, these are Southampton, Portsmouth, Tottenham Hotspur, Reading, Plymouth, and Fulham, and each of them would be asking too much of the players of these clubs to expect them to be at their best to-day. With the exception of Southampton and Portsmouth, all have taken part in trying replayed Cup-ties in mid-week, and the cases of Reading, Fulham, and Plymouth, they have the certainty before them of another hard game on Monday ere the second round be entered.

Thus I do not expect to find Reading put their full strength in the field against Swindon, old rivals though they be. Still, Reading should put through at Elm Park, especially as they are strongly in the running for the championship. Fulham, with their wealth of reserve talent, will probably draw freely upon it for their match with Brighton and Hove Albion at Brighton, and I should be surprised to see them successful. Still, the Fulham executive are a good lot of sportsmen, and perhaps they will turn out their best side and go all out for a win.

Plymouth are at home to Wellingborough, and could win with their reserve team, and so they have the lightest task of the lot. The "Spurs" visit Northampton, and I quite expect to see the Midlanders get the better of the Sampsons won at Tottenham early in the season, during the "Spurs" had time, and should they win to-day it will be a case of the Midlands. "Pompey" is very pleased with himself—surely an unprecedented state of affairs so far as the "Spurs" are concerned.

Southampton will probably prove too good for Watford, although the match has to be played at the West Herts town. The "Saints" had no troubles with drawn games. Portsmouth are at home to Millwall, and by way of showing off their quality, will probably defeat the "Dockers," much as Southampton had done on the previous Saturday. "Pompey" is very pleased with himself just now, and he intends to show Sheffield Wednesday that he can serve them all alike.

Bristol Rovers, now out of the cares of the Cup, can devote their attention to winning the League. They are sure to be a trifle out of sorts to-day, but, fortunately, have nothing more formidable than a home knockout in the Luton to worry them. They will have every chance during the next few weeks of much improving their position.

I see Mr. MacGregor, writing in the "Daily Mail," at last concludes that there may be some good play in the Southern League after all. Seeing that the league had a share in voting all but five or six of the Southern teams out of the competition proper for years—and even then, during the last five years, the Southern club has reached the final three times—it is rather late to make such a discovery.

As a matter of fact, several of the Southern clubs are appreciably weaker since the fettering rules have been passed. For years we in the South have claimed that the North has been enjoying an unfair advantage; but League interests have swamped all others, and F.A. councillors have been cajoled or hoodwinked into voting as they have done.

It is one of the hardships with which the South has had to put up, but, fortunately, it is now altered, and all will start fair next year. That is providing the ignominious wages rules are also rescinded. Mr. MacGregor is certainly rather late in the field, and he has chosen an unfortunate year for his utterances. The Southern League is not so good as it has been. It has, or should have, two great missions now to work out—the salvation of the F.A. and the emancipation of the paid player. But, then, the S.L. clubs like the Football League clubs, are nearly all limited liability companies, so I suppose self-interest, as in the North, will be the end of the business.

## FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.

Fulham will play the following team against Brighton and Hove at Brighton to-day:—Wheatley, Watson, Sharpe, Haworth, Gray, and Goldie; Soar, Graham, Fraser, Wardrope, and Bell.

The Brentford team to meet Queen's Park Rangers to-day at Brentford will be as follows:—Wheatley, Watson, and Howarth; Jay, Parsonage, and Tomlinson; Warington, Fletcher, Shinner, Shanks, and C. Duffy.

The death is announced of Bernard Battles, the well-known Scottish footballer, after an attack of influenza. Deceased was thirty-two years of age, and was connected at various times with the Liverpool, Glasgow, Celtic, Heart of Midlothian, and Dundee clubs.

Tottenham Hotspur's team to oppose Northampton to-day will be selected from the following:—Beggart, McCurdy, Watson, and Tait; Hughes, Morris, Bull, and Brearley; Walton, Stanfield, V. J. Woodward, Glen, O'Hagan, Copeland, and Kivan. A special excursion train leaves South Tottenham for Northampton at 9.34, and St. Pancras at 10.13. Return fare, 5s.

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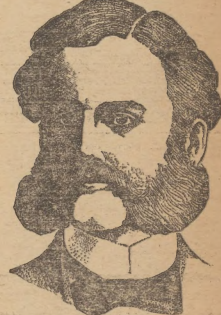
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When asked the secret of his success, the doctor modestly answers, that it is partly due to the wonderful remedies which he uses and partly to the careful attention given each case. He treats patients all over the civilised world by mail, and seems equally as successful as though they were present in his office. His greatest ambition is to give every sick, afflicted, and suffering man and woman in the world a chance to try his wonderful treatment. In an interview recently the doctor said, "I believe that I have discovered a way to relieve most of the suffering from sickness and disease in the world, and I believe that it is my duty as far as possible to make this fact known to all. For this reason I am offering to send a free treatment to every applicant, rich or poor, no matter where they live, no matter what their disease. I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to always give my medicines away, but I am going to continue as long as possible or until every afflicted person has had a chance to try and satisfy themselves without expending one penny. Do you mean that you will send treatment absolutely free to every one who applies?" "That is exactly what I mean. Any sick or afflicted person who will write to me and describe their condition may have a trial of this treatment entirely free. There are no conditions, no restriction. Distance is no barrier. I cure as readily thousands of miles away as in my office. A letter does just as well as a personal visit."

The above statement appeared in all the leading American papers and from there to the English Press. As a result Dr. Kidd's mail has been flooded with applications for free treatment. All have been answered promptly, but still they continue to come. For the benefit of thousands of patients in the British Empire, the doctor has been compelled to establish an office in London. To secure a free treatment, it is only necessary to write to Dr. James W. Kidd, 124B, City Road, London, E.C., being sure to describe your case. Remember that the doctor treats all diseases, from the simplest and easiest to the most complicated, able and chronic affections. There is no disease that he may not cure. In view of Dr. Kidd's marvellous success, his standing amongst famous and famous physicians, his reputation for honesty and integrity, this offer affords a remarkable opportunity to all who are sick and in need of free relief. It is an offer that cannot be refused. It means the opinion and advice of one of the world's most famous and successful physicians on your case absolutely free.

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